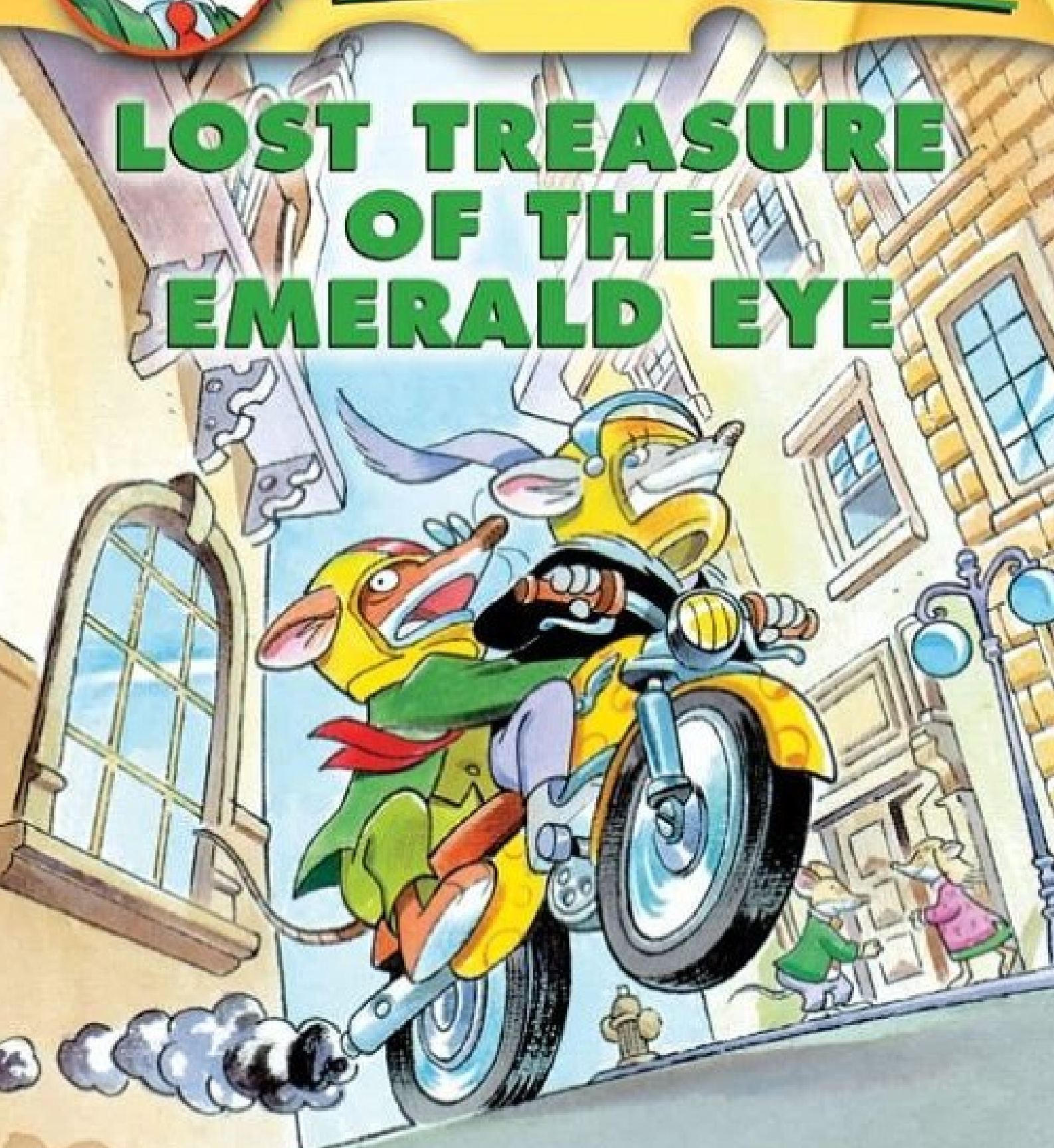





**Geronimo Stilton**

**LOST TREASURE  
OF THE  
EMERALD EYE**



 **SCHOLASTIC**



Geronimo Stilton



**THE RODENT'S GAZETTE**  
EDITORIAL STAFF





**Geronimo Stilton**

A learned and brainy  
mouse; editor of  
*The Rodent's Gazette*



**Thea Stilton**

Geronimo's sister and  
special correspondent at  
*The Rodent's Gazette*



**Trap Stilton**

An awful joker;  
Geronimo's cousin and  
owner of the store  
Cheap Junk for Less



**Benjamin Stilton**

A sweet and loving  
nine-year-old mouse;  
Geronimo's favorite  
nephew

# LOST TREASURE OF THE EMERALD EYE



Scholastic Inc.



# LATE AGAIN!

“Putrid cheese puffs!” It was nine o’clock and I, Geronimo Stilton, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

“**CHEESE SLICES!** I hate Monday mornings,” I grumbled while brushing my teeth with **cheddar**-flavored toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.





Thump! Thump! Thump! So much for being quiet as a mouse.

The streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, were as noisy as ever. I guess everyone was late just like me. Cheese delivery trucks were everywhere, horns blasting. Mice, rats, and rodents of every size and shape *raced by* in cars, taxis, and Mouse Jordan sneakers.

“Taxi!” I shouted, jumping into a cab. “Seventeen Swiss Cheese Center.”

Minutes later, we pulled up to my editorial office. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I run a newspaper. It’s called *The Rodent’s Gazette*.

I took the stairs *two at a time* and burst inside. What a workout! I was *pooped*. Maybe I shouldn’t have canceled my membership at Rats La Lanne after all.





But before I could think about it, Mousella,  
my secretary, tackled me.

“*Mr. Stilton*, **FINALLY!**” she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. “There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works the water cooler . . . and the editor in chief wants to speak with you **Immediately.**”

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

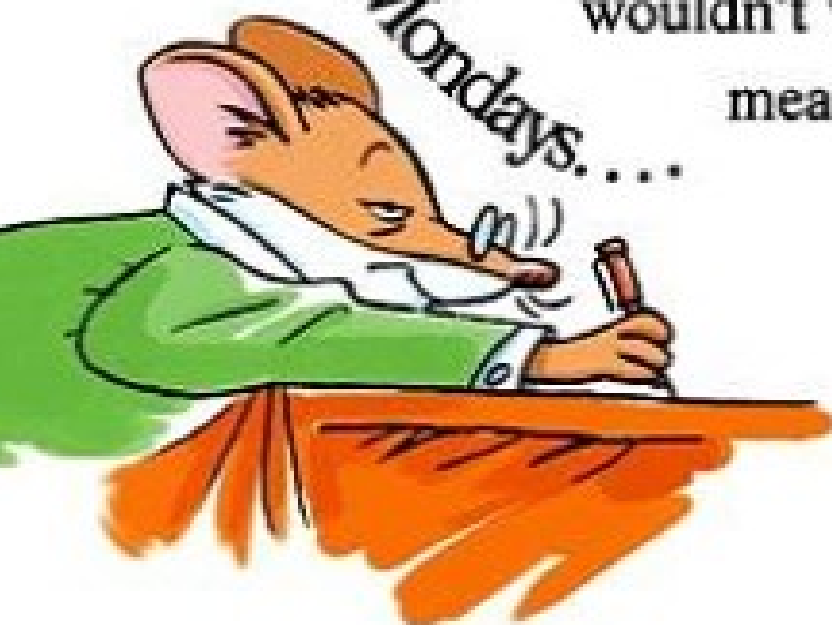
“The copy machine is jammed,” she continued. “Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss,

*don't forget you promised me a raise!”*

My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. I wouldn't wish this day on the meanest

*I hate Mondays . . .*

**CAT** ever!





# THEA'S SECRET

At lunchtime, m

very strange, I thought. There  
stle listed.

the map and shoved it into my  
et. Well, there was only one thing  
eaded for the castle. I would ask  
ons there.

n, a **BOLT OF LIGHTNING**  
own right next to me! For a split  
the Dark Forest glowed. It  
me of the time my uncle Flickrat  
the lights before the movie was  
ne Grand Squeak Cinema. The

Strange,

was no ca

I folded  
coat pock  
to do. I h  
for directi

Just the  
streaked o  
second,  
reminded  
turned on  
over at t

audience went crazy. Every mouse wanted his or her money back. After that, Uncle Flickrat got stuck working the cheese-popcorn machine. His boss wouldn't let him near a light switch.

I blinked my eyes in the bright white light. I could just make out the shape of a weathered **old castle** in the distance.

Right at that very moment, my car stop

**Swissita!"**

I rolled my eyes. T  
than a cheese

nea had more friends  
delivery man the day  
before Thanksgiving!



Finally, we were seated.

“So what is it?” I asked impatiently.

But my sister was busy looking at the menu. “Why don’t we order first,” she said. “Cheddar ravioli for two!” she told the waiter. “With ~~e~~*xtra-spicy* tomato sauce.”

“Spicy?” I groaned. “You know I get **HEARTBURN**.” Did I mention my sister can be incredibly annoying at times?

Thea waved her paw. “Oh, please. You could use a little spice in your life. Besides, you’ll have to get used to eating all sorts of food on **our trip**,” she whispered, winking at me.

“Trip? What trip?” I asked.

***Ssssssh!*** Ssssssh! Do you want everybody to know?” she said, pinching my tail.

“Well, what are

y green water.

he building. The walls were  
**SQUARE** stones. Windows  
**HICK** iron bars stared back  
ed. The windowpanes were

light came on in the highest  
darkness, it looked like the  
a terrifying monster!

**I wished I was home!**

n end from fright.

s it had turned on, the light  
n! It was then that I noticed  
ng from the castle's highest

filled with slim

I stared at t  
made of huge  
protected by  
at me. I flinch  
**BLOOD-RED.**

Just then, a  
tower. In the  
glowing eye of

**Oh, how I**

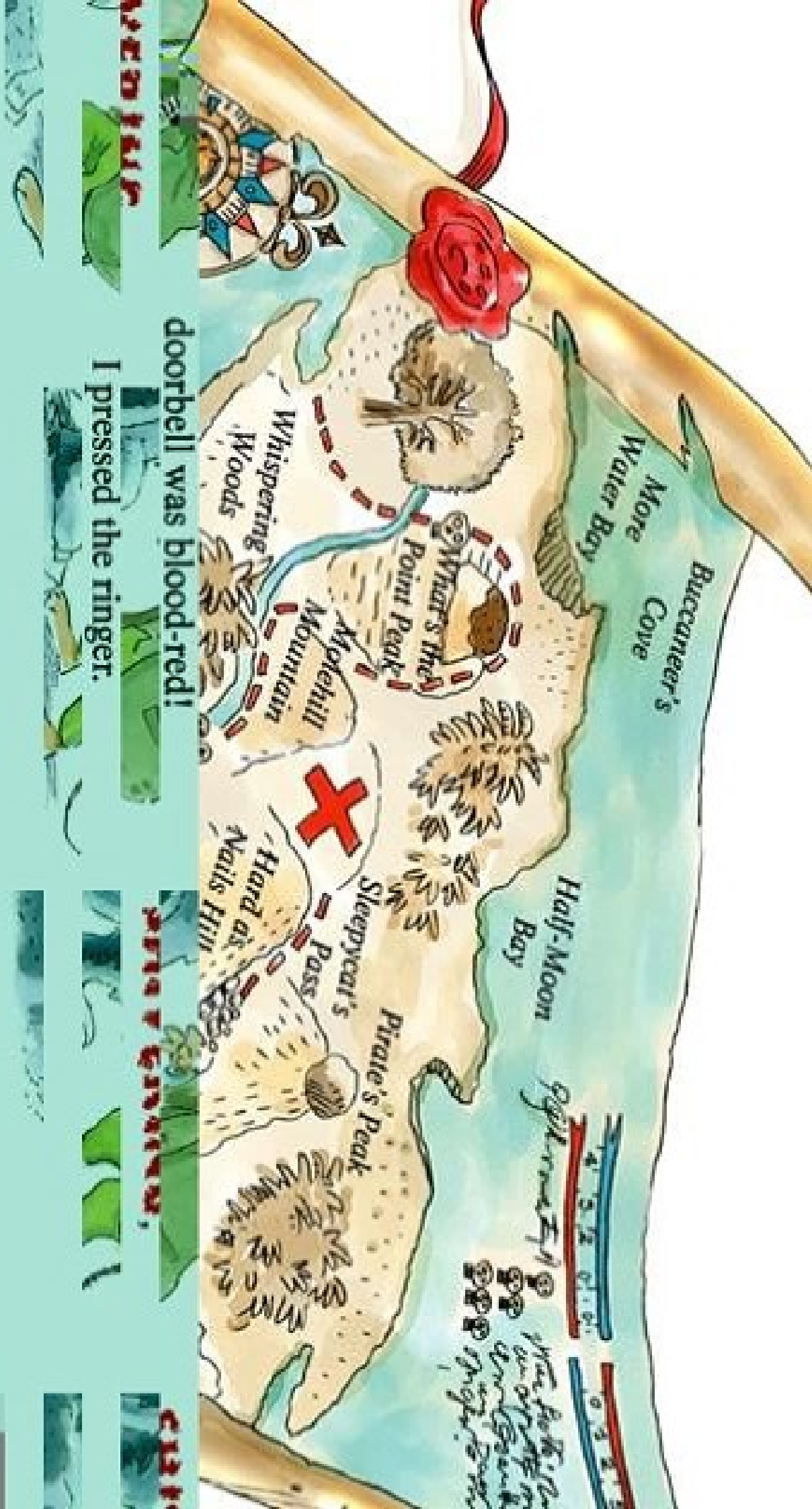
My fur stood c

As quickly a  
flicked off aga  
the flag hangi



Slimy Swiss balls!





doorbell was blood-red!

I pressed the ringer.



# MEEOOOOOWWW!!!

A horrifying *meowing* filled my ears.  
Terrified, I scurried behind a bush.

Holey cheese! This cat must be some  
**monster!**

After a while, I peeked out from my hiding place. Strange, very strange. Not a furry face in sight. Finally, I realized the meowing was *taped!* It was coming from the bell!

Once again, I approached the door. It opened, as if by magic.

By now, I wasn't exactly dying to go in. In fact, you could say I was dying to scurry on out of there!

But then a **BOLT OF LIGHTNING** practically took off my paw.

Yikes! I didn't want to go inside, but I

couldn't stay outside in the storm.

I practiced my deep-breathing exercises.  
Then I tiptoed inside.

Crusty cheese slices!

It was so **DARK** and **SPOOKY**.

*Oh, how I wished I was home!*





# I'M TOO FOND OF MY WHISKERS!

Teeth chattering, I entered a dark and  
**GLOOMY** hall.

Suddenly, another bolt of lightning struck  
close by. The blood-red windowpanes glowed  
like the eyes of a hungry cat.



Before I knew it, I had promised to go with her on her ridiculous treasure-hunting trip. And as every respectable mouse knows, a rodent's promise is nothing to joke about.

**"CHEWY CHEESE BITS!"** shouted Thea, breaking into a dance.

Then Thea showed me a boat belonging to an old retired sea captain. It was the color of cheddar, extra-sharp, my favorite. The ship's name seemed to be a good sign, too: *Lucky Lady*.

My sister stared at the ship, then she winked at me. "You know, two sailors are really not enough for this boat," she said. "Do you know who else could come with us? Trap! He says he's an expert **SAILOR!**"

**SAILOR! SAILOR! SAILOR! SAILOR!**

My memories of my cousin Trap

Stilton, also known as Pushy Paws, were not

very good. When he was young

nothing.

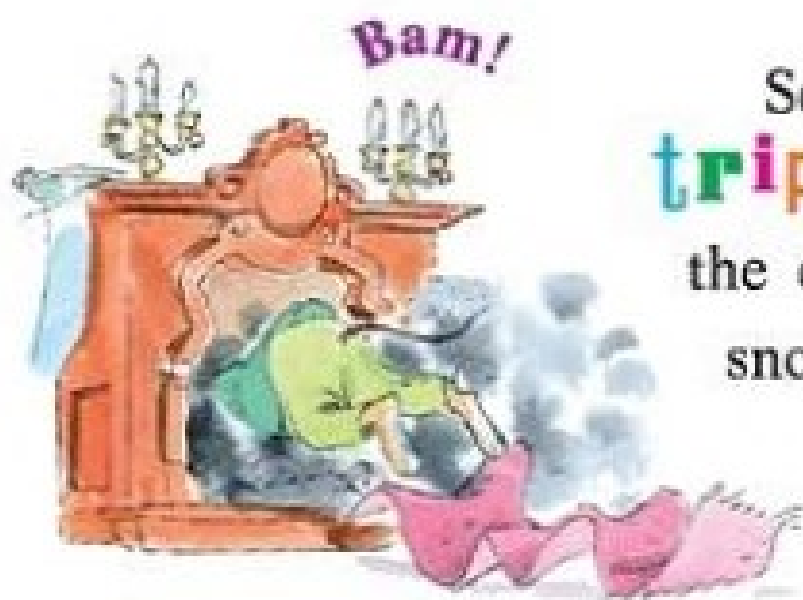
*"Oh, you  
foolish rodent who  
has made it thus far,  
I bet you don't know  
how unlucky you are!  
Retrace your steps  
and hit the old trail,  
if you wish to save your  
miserable tail!  
Meow!!!"*



triggered a bunch  
of small brass bells  
hanging from the  
ceiling. Inside, a  
**PLUMPiSH**  
mouse with short  
paws and a pencil







Seconds later, I  
**tripped over**

the carpet. I landed  
snout-first in the  
fireplace. Now

I was covered  
in ashes from

head to tail! How would I explain this mess  
to Starchette, the cute mouse down at my  
dry cleaners?

I tried to grab the edge  
of the fireplace but  
missed. Instead, I  
grabbed a doily with  
a **HEAVY** silver tray  
on it. The tray bonked  
me on the head.



Rotten rats' teeth!  
I was going to have some lump on my head.



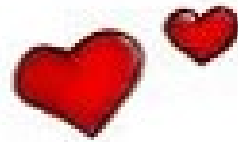
“So **anyway**, what are you two looking for? I don’t have much time to shoot the cheese. I’m a **very** busy mouse, you know,” he added with pride, puffing up his **fur**.

Trap listened to Thea’s plans with half-closed eyes. But I could tell he was interested because his tail started to twitch when she mentioned the **Emerald Eye**.

**OK**, “OK, I’ll join you,” he agreed. “But anyone who dares to lay a paw on my part of the treasure is a dead rat!”

We toasted to a successful trip, and twisting our tails together we squeaked: “To our trip!

**Friends together!**  
**Mice forever!**



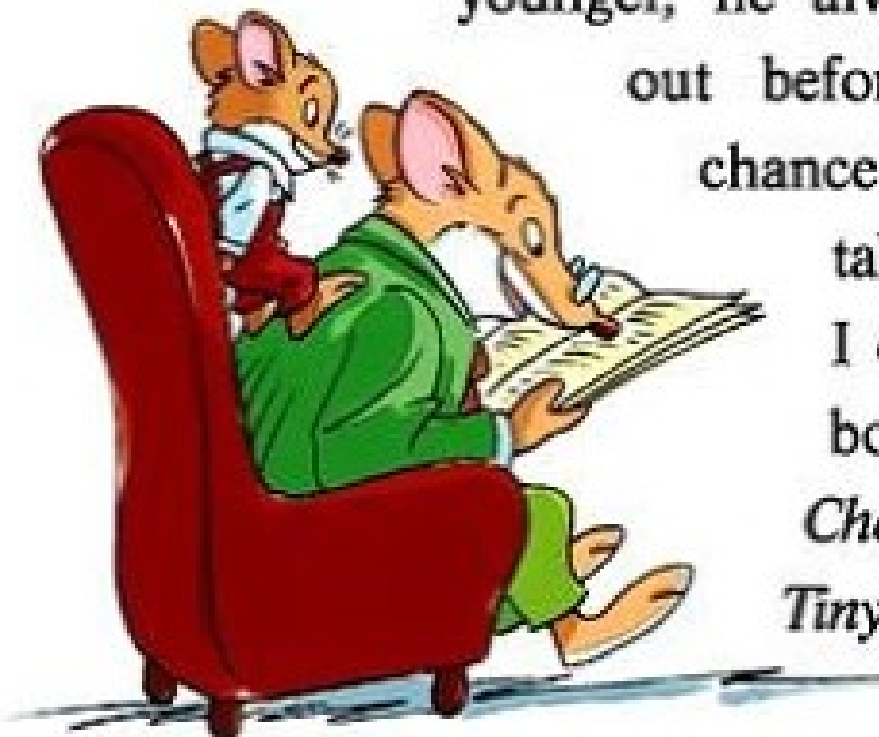
# TAKE ME WITH YOU!

On my way home, I stopped by to say hello to my favorite nephew, Benjamin. He's a cute **little guy** with tiny **F**lapp**Y** ears.

"Uncle, read me a story!" he cried when he saw me. So I **SAT DOWN** in the big, **comfy** chair in the den.

Ben loves stories. When he was younger, he always zonked out before I had a chance to finish my

tale. That's why I dedicated my book *Stilton's Cheesy Tales for Tiny Mice* to him.





*"To Ben," I wrote.  
"May you stay awake  
long enough to finish  
this book!"*

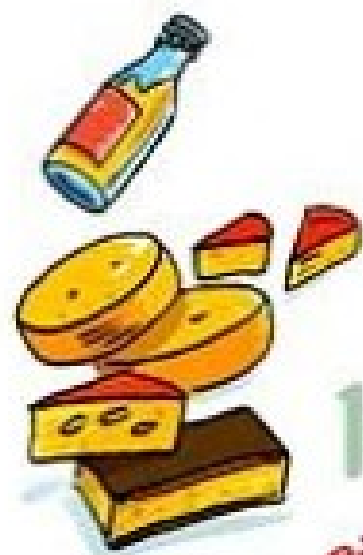
Today I can hardly believe my little nephew is already nine years old! I remember when he was just a squeaky little thing, drinking cheese sauce from a baby bottle!

"You're going on a trip?" Ben asked when he heard about my plans. "Oh, please, please, please take me with you, Uncle! I can be your assistant. I can carry your notebooks. And I can sharpen your pencils with my cat-tooth pencil sharpener," he pleaded.

"Sorry, Ben," I said, ruffling his fur. "Maybe next time, when you're a little older."

Then I laid my right paw on my **HÉ-ART** and tugged at my whiskers with my left paw. This is a salute that we mice use on *special occasions*. It means that the **HÉ-ARTS** of two mice who love each other will always stay connected.





# ANYTHING MISSING?

15 Fifteen pounds of extra-sharp cheddar

80 eighty boxes of mac and cheese

10 ten tubs of Swiss

9 nine bags of nacho cheese chips, unsalted...

The next morning, I stood on the deck of the *Lucky Lady*, reading out a list of our supplies. What a mess!

“Trap, fill up the water tank,” I instructed my cousin, but instead of filling the water tank, he poured water into the fuel tank! “What





are you doing?!" I squeaked. "I think you had better lay off the extra-sharp — it seems to be affecting your brain!"

I turned to my sister.

"Thea, *run* and get me the compass I

ordered down at Boats, Masts, and Beyond. Ask to see the owner, **Squeaky La Rue**, also known as **The Squeak**. He's a friend of mine, so he should give you a discount. You can't miss him. He's a *tall*, *thin*, gray mouse with a tail so furry you could use it to dust every room in your mousehole."



Just then I noticed Trap *talking* to the young ship rat on the boat next to ours.

"That's right, my young rat friend,"



he whispered. "Don't tell anyone . . . we're looking for something but I can't tell you what. . . . It begins with a T and ends with an E. . . . That's right, it's on an island."

Quick as a cat at a mouse convention, I leaped up and yanked Trap away by the tail. "Are you going to blurt out the whole story about the treasure?" I *hissed*.

Trap gave me an innocent smile. "Did **I** mention a treasure? There are lots of words that begin with **T** and end with **E**, you know," he smirked. "*Telephone*, for example. Or how about *ticktacktoe*?"

I banged my head against the side of the ship.

By six o'clock that night, we had finished loading. I rushed to **Rats Authority**, the best store in town for sporting goods.

"Can you help me, please?" I said to

Scratch, the mouse who owns the place. “I want to get everything I would need for a long sea voyage. And I’m in a big rush, so if you could hurry . . .”

“Well, tickle me with a cat-fur feather! If it isn’t *Geronimo Stilton*, the newspaper mouse!” Scratch cried. “What an honor!”

He then began to drag out **ev-er-y-thing** in the entire store. My head was spinning. There were ten pairs of waterproof underwear, a floppy cheddar-colored straw hat that squeaked if you stayed out in the sun too long, and a life raft shaped like a slice of cheese on a five-foot-long cracker.



“I also need a suitcase,” I said to Scratch.  
“Or better yet, a big trunk!”

“I’ve got just the thing for a sharp mouse like you, Mr. Stilton!” he remarked, his **eyes gleaming**. “Follow me.”



He led me to the back of the store, where he unlocked the door to a small room. Then, like the famous magician Harry Ratini, he lifted a silk cloth with a flourish.

There stood a trunk as  
as a circus mouse on stilts.

**TALL**

It was covered in bright **YELLOW** leather that glowed in the dark. It was as **wide** as the giant from *Rat and the Beanstalk* and as **long** as the line for cheese danish at the bakery on Sunday morning.

“Isn’t it a beauty?” asked Scratch.

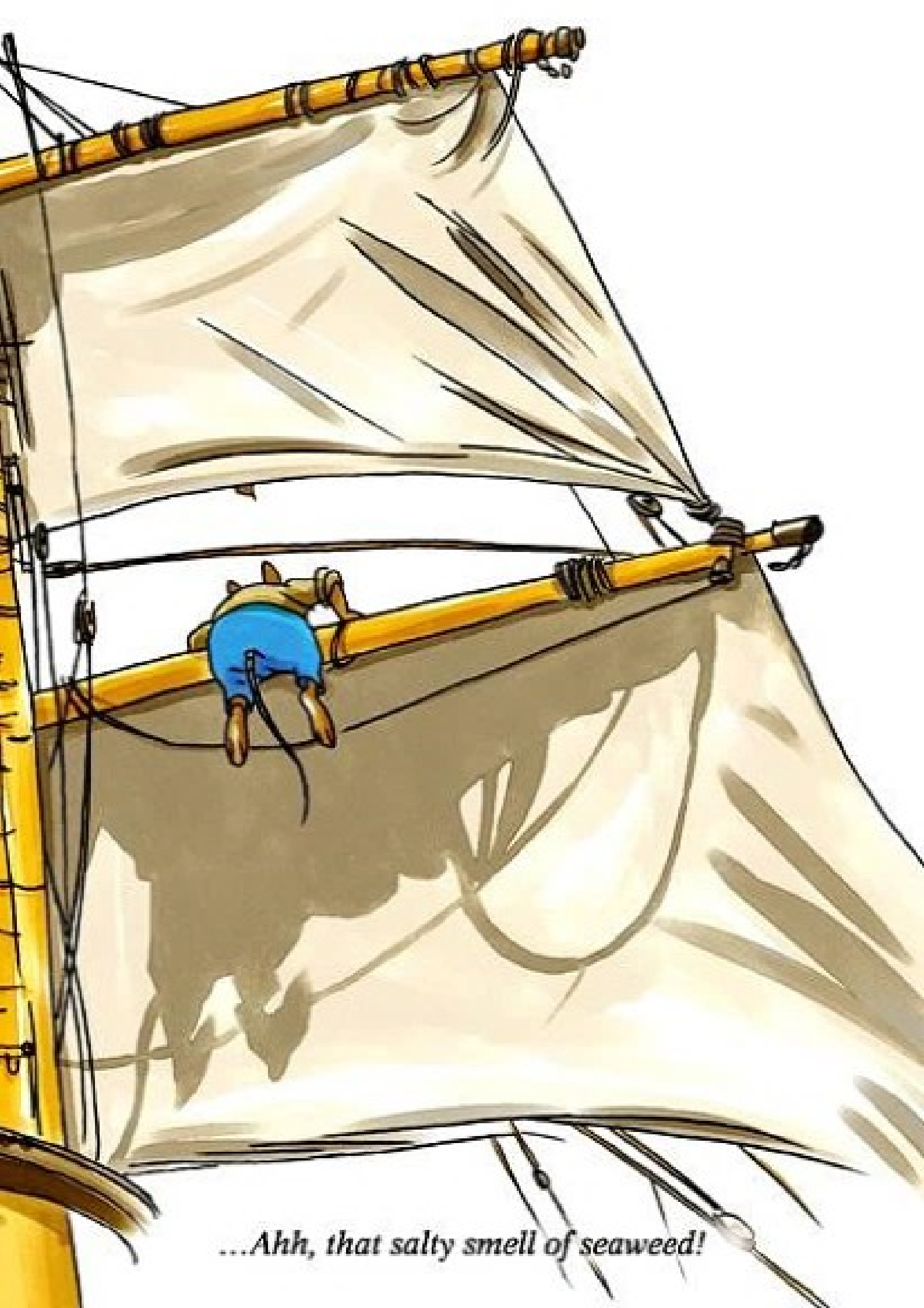
I nodded and **carefully** lifted the lid. Holey cheese! You could fit a sumo mouse inside!

I spotted several coat hangers made of **cheese** cloth and a whole shelf just for hats. There was a shiny cat-tooth comb and a wire brush for tough whiskers. The trunk also had a space for **office** supplies: paper, pens, paperweights, a **tiny**, **tiny** secret compartment, you name it.

"I'll take it!" I **SQUEAKED**.

"I knew you would like it, *Mr. Stilton!* This is the real deal." He beamed, running his paws over the trunk. "*It's just the thing for an adventurous seagoing mouse such as yourself. Wish you could take me along.*"

*Hmm. Geronimo Stilton: Fearless Sailor of the High Seas, I thought.* Had a nice ring to it. I just might enjoy this trip after all!



*...Ahh, that salty smell of seaweed!*

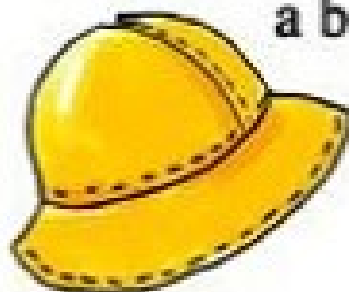


# FIRST DAWN AT SEA

Ahh, the cool breeze blowing in off the sea . . . Ahh, that salty smell of seaweed . . .

I was starting to get into this sailing thing. It was so relaxing. Sort of like sitting in Great Grandma Tanglefur's rocking chair. **Holding** the tiller of the *Lucky Lady* in my paws, I stared out over the *ocean waves*. It was dawn, and the sun was just coming up, pale as a slice of Swiss cheese.

We had just left the harbor, but I felt as if I'd been sailing all my life! I was wearing a bright yellow windbreaker jacket with matching yellow pants and my new yellow hat.





Can you guess what  
my favorite color is?  
Yep, there's nothing like a  
little yellow to **cheer**  
**up** a mouse. It is the most  
popular **color** on our island.



We have yellow cars, yellow schools, and  
yellow airplanes. In fact, one year, even  
Santa Mouse wore a **YELLOW SUIT**  
instead of a red one! My nephew Ben wasn't  
too crazy about that, though.

I smiled. I missed Ben so much. Funny  
how such a small mouse could give you  
**such a big heartache!**

My daydreams were  
interrupted by Trap.  
He appeared on deck  
**mulching** on a bag  
of nacho cheese chips.



“Hey there, Cousin,” he squeaked with his mouth full. “Want some?”

“Be careful!” I warned. “Don’t get any grease on the deck!”

“You’re such a **WORRYWART**,” he muttered, laying his greasy paw right on the deck.

I closed my eyes and counted to ten.

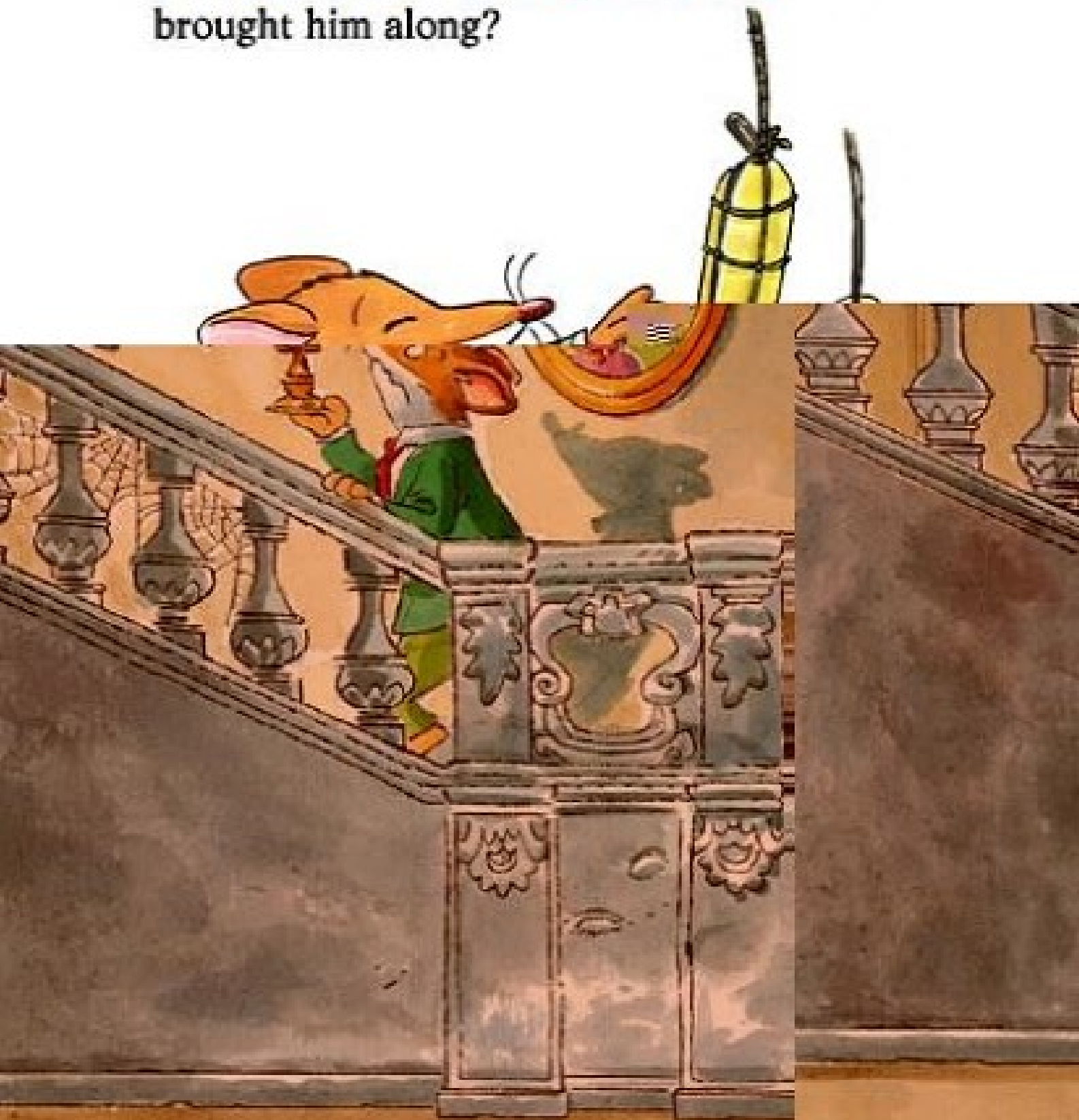
“Just bring me my chart.” I sighed. “I need to see if we are on course for Treasure Island.”

“**Hey**, no problemo, my little cousin!” squeaked Trap, waving a life buoy at me. He did a little dance.

**“Look out!” I shrieked.**

“You almost stepped on my glasses!” I broke out in a **COLD SWEAT**. Without my glasses, I couldn’t tell the difference

between a slice of mozzarella and a hunk of  
**cheddar!** **Why, oh, why** had we  
brought him along?





mouse at a **Wild**  
**t!** shrieked my  
toe. "I burned my  
!" He slumped onto  
out his toe.

set the **TABLE**, at  
"While you've been  
**FRESH** air, I've  
down here." He  
d yawned. "Must I

a good sniff as Thea

medieval times they  
their enemies from  
whined my cousin.

**DOWN** the teenage  
**Whiskers** **conce**  
cousin, massaging his  
paw with the clam sauce  
the padded sofa to check

"Maybe you two can  
least," Trap continued.  
up on deck enjoying the  
been busting my tail  
**closed** his eyes and  
do everything?"

I gave the clam sauce a  
mixed it into the pasta.

"Now I know why in  
poured **boiling** oil on  
the **CASTLE WALLS**."

He cradled his burned paw protectively.

"Why, Trap, I didn't know you were so cultured!" I remarked, filling my plate.

My cousin smirked. "What culture? I got that from a cartoon on **TV**," he scoffed.

was being watched.  
made my fur

ng.

er. Then I turned

paw's portrait glow  
s, I was sure of it  
following me as I

. Just as I thought.  
in them! Someone

rk hallway. Quickly,  
oor I saw. I closed it

TV The feeling  
A cold shiver  
**STAND ON END.**

I turned around. Nothing.

I crept a little farther  
around again.

I saw the eyes of Sliced  
like they were alive. Yet  
now. Those eyes were  
climbed up the stairs!

I checked the painting.  
The eyes had **HOLE**  
was spying on me!

I hurried down the da  
I yanked open the first d  
behind me, out of breath





# THE NOBLE CANNYCAT CLAN

What a day!

What a night!

What a fright!

I stared down at my fur. What mouse bumps! They were popping up all over the place like pimples on a teenage rodent!

I checked out the room I had stumbled into by candlelight. It was painted all black. How dark and depressing. I prefer yellow myself. It's a very cheery color. And of course, it's the color of cheese!

The room was covered in cobwebs. In the center stood a huge four-poster bed. I noticed a name carved on the headboard:

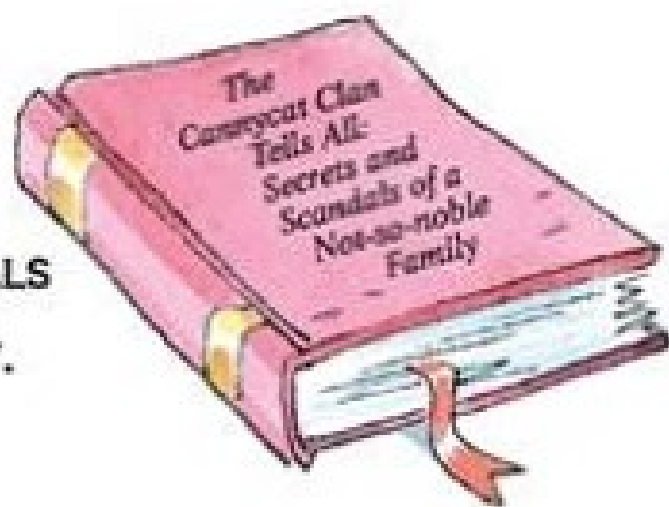
*Slicedpaw Cannycat.*

There was also a marble fireplace. I

wondered if there were any mouse bones in this one. I shivered. Then I noticed something odd. The room seemed to be connected to a laboratory. It was filled with shelves of books on **magic**. Could Duke Slicedpaw Cannycat have been a magician? I locked the door and pushed a heavy chest of drawers against it. You never can be too safe. Then I lay down on the bed. But my eyes were wide open. In fact, I hadn't blinked for ten minutes! No, I wasn't tired. How could I sleep with a terrifying ghost cat prowling around out there?!

My teeth began to chatter. I had to get my mind off that ghost. I picked up a book on the bedside table.

The title was **THE CANNYCAT CLAN TELLS ALL: SECRETS AND SCANDALS OF A NOT-SO-NOBLE FAMILY.**





As I leafed through the book, I recognized the cats from the portraits I had seen earlier. Curious, I began to read. . . .



**PRINCE BIGPAW CANNYCAT**  
*Founder of the CannyCat dynasty. Known to his friends as Bigpaw Poppa.*



**DUCHESS CURLYPAW CANNYCAT**  
*Famous for her stunning muskrat cape. She ruled the family with an iron curly paw. Meow!*



**DUKE SLICEDPAW CANNYCAT**  
*His paw was cut off during the battle of Raterloo. It is rumored he could smell a mouse blindfolded in an airtight room with a clothespin stuck on his nose! Legend has it, he was a magician. His ghost wanders around the castle to this day.*

**DUKE SHORTYPAW  
CANNYCAT**

*Nicknamed "Penny-pincher" because of his stinginess. He wore the same underwear for months.*



do something before the little thief ate us right out of houseboat and home! That night, I slept with my lucky baseball bat by my side. It was a present from **Slugrat Jones**, also known as **Sluggo**, an old rat friend of mine who plays professional baseball. If that stowaway came after me, I'd be ready for him!

It was one o'clock in the morning when

I finally heard  
**creaking**  
sounds coming from



concrete in there. I raced down the stairs. The creepy portrait of Slicedpaw watched me go.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck close to the castle. The red windowpanes glowed in the darkness. I gasped. A **grim** and horrifying shape stood out against one of the windows. The next moment, it was



blocking my way. Then it pinched my tail. It shouted, “**Boo!**”

“Thundering cattails!” I shrieked.

What a day! What a night! What mouse bumps!

**THEN, OF COURSE, I Fainted.**



# TRICKED YOU! TRICKED YOU!

I came to slowly. Someone was gently slapping my snout.

"The . . . the **GHOST** . . . Slicedpaw," I murmured.

I opened my eyes and found myself snout-to-snout with my sister, Thea.

She stared down at me curiously. "Did you see the ghost again?" she squeaked. "Where is it? Let me get a picture."

My whiskers were **quivering** with curiosity. "Y-yes, s-sure, I saw it, all right," I stammered. "It's right here somewhere. It pinched my tail. And this time it shouted **Boo!**"



Just then, I heard someone giggling. I whirled around. It was my cousin Trap.

"Maybe you should get those glasses checked, Cousin," he smirked. "It was me who pinched your tail, not a ghost!"

Now I was fuming. Of all the rotten, low-down, dirty



trayer. Cold water seeped into my fur. My teeth began chattering. I thought they would bounce right out of my mouth.

"There he is!" I heard someone shout. Suddenly, I was flooded with light.

the ghost, and she wanted to see it now!  
That sister of mine can't wait for anything.

"Come on, Geronimo," she demanded.  
"Where is this ghost? I haven't got all day,  
you know!"

I pulled at my fur. *"I'm telling you  
I saw it with my own eyes!"*

I insisted. "And then it suddenly vanished!"

Trap snickered. "Did you see it with your  
own eyes or with your *four*  
*eyes?*" he squeaked. "I mean,  
you did have your glasses on,  
right, Cousinkins?"



Then he pinched my tail again.

I tried to catch him. But instead, I  
*stumbled over* my own two paws.

*Oh, how I wished I was home!*



# THE MYSTERIOUS NAIL

We decided to explore the entire castle.

“We’ll catch that ghost,” said Thea. “That is . . . if Mr. Scaredy Pants is right and there really is a ghost.”

I chewed my whiskers. “I’m telling you for the last time. I saw it! I saw a ghost!!!!!!” I squeaked at the top of my lungs.

Thea pulled out her camera. “All right, all right,” she smirked. “Don’t have a squeak attack. Now, where did you see that **RAT SKELETON?** I could take a couple of pictures of that.”

I led them into the kitchen. Then I looked anxiously into the big pot.







“See, the mouse bone was here . . .”

I began. But the pot was now empty. How strange!

I ran toward the closet and opened it wide. The **SKELETON** had vanished!!!

I was shocked. “But . . . but . . . it was right here . . .” I mumbled.

Thea snorted.

Trap put his paw on my forehead. “Hmmm. You’re feeling a bit warm, Cousinkins,” he

joked. "Maybe you're coming down with something. We'd better get you to a hospital.



You know, one of those hospitals with bars on the windows and patients who see flying **cheeses**." He collapsed in a fit of giggles. He really cracks himself up. I wanted to crack him over the head, but before I could even try, Benjamin grabbed my paw.

He showed me a nail in the upper part of the closet. "Um, see that nail, Uncle Geronimo?" he whispered. "There could have been something hanging from it, just like you said. I believe you."

Without another word, he pulled out a pad of paper. Then he began to jot down some notes.



# GOT YOU AGAIN!

I didn't feel like exploring the castle anymore. I was tired of being scared out of my fur. All I wanted to do was go home. Home to my cozy mouse hole. Home to my comfy bed. Home to my cheese-filled fridge.

I dragged my paws. "Why don't you go ahead," I told the others. "I'll just wait here."

"Forget it, big brother!" Thea squeaked. "You didn't bring me all the way out here for nothing. I want a ghost! And I want one now! Now, shake your tailfur!"

I sighed. There's no stopping my sister once she wants something. She's like one of those Runaway Ratsy dolls. Turn her on and she's off! Except Thea runs on cheese instead of batteries.

“OK, let’s split up,” she declared. “I’ll cover the kitchen. Trap will take the living room. Benjamin will check out the cellar. And that leaves Geronimo with the library. Let’s do it!”

Everyone took off except me. I sighed. Oh, how I hate to be **FRIGHTENED**. Reluctantly, I headed for the library.

But just as I turned the corner, the ghost appeared in front of me. He was waving his sheet and dancing about. “Woooo!” he moaned in a spooky voice. “I am the castle ghost. Get lost, or you’ll be toast!”

My whiskers trembled. “The g-g-ghost . . .” I stammered.

Just then, I heard someone laughing. Of course, I should have guessed who it was. There stood my incredibly irritating cousin Trap. He pulled



the sheet off his head and grinned.

“Got you again, didn’t I?” he snorted.  
“You’re such a simpleton, Geronimoid!”

My whiskers were trembling again. But this time they weren’t trembling with fear. They were trembling with rage!

I jumped to my paws. But before I could squeak, Trap pushed by me. “Catch you later, scaredy mouse!” he called.

My whiskers sagged. So much for squeaking my mind. Oh, well, there was no time to worry about my rotten cousin now.



*Ancient Roman cat*



*Barbarian cat*

I decided to check out the library. Books spilled out from the shelves. I read some of the titles. *A Purrfect Place: If Cats Ruled the World; Don't Step in My Litter Box!; How to Catnap and Still Lose Weight*. There was also a book on the history of cats. On the front it had pictures of cats from different periods of history.


**Shivering**, I put the book back on the shelf. I was starting to get a funny feeling about this castle. There were no cats left on Mouse Island . . . were there?



*Medieval cat*



*17th-century cat*



y, I caught sight of  
y furry thing.  
in!!!” I cried, grabbing  
tail.

y magic, the wind stopped. I  
ound. The *Lucky Lady* had  
without a trace. We needed  
to hold on to. And then I saw it,  
happy birthday to me (and to

Sudden  
a little gra

“Benjam  
him by his

As if b  
looked ar  
vanished  
something

Well, h

Benjamin, too, of course)! It was my **TRUNK!** I grabbed it with all my mousely strength.

Safe! We were safe!

Standing upright on the trunk, I scanned the horizon for Thea and Trap. Not a head or tail in sight. By afternoon, I was beginning to lose hope. But then I spied two very, very small dots in the distance. My heart beat so **FAST** even my fur stood up to see what all the fuss was about.



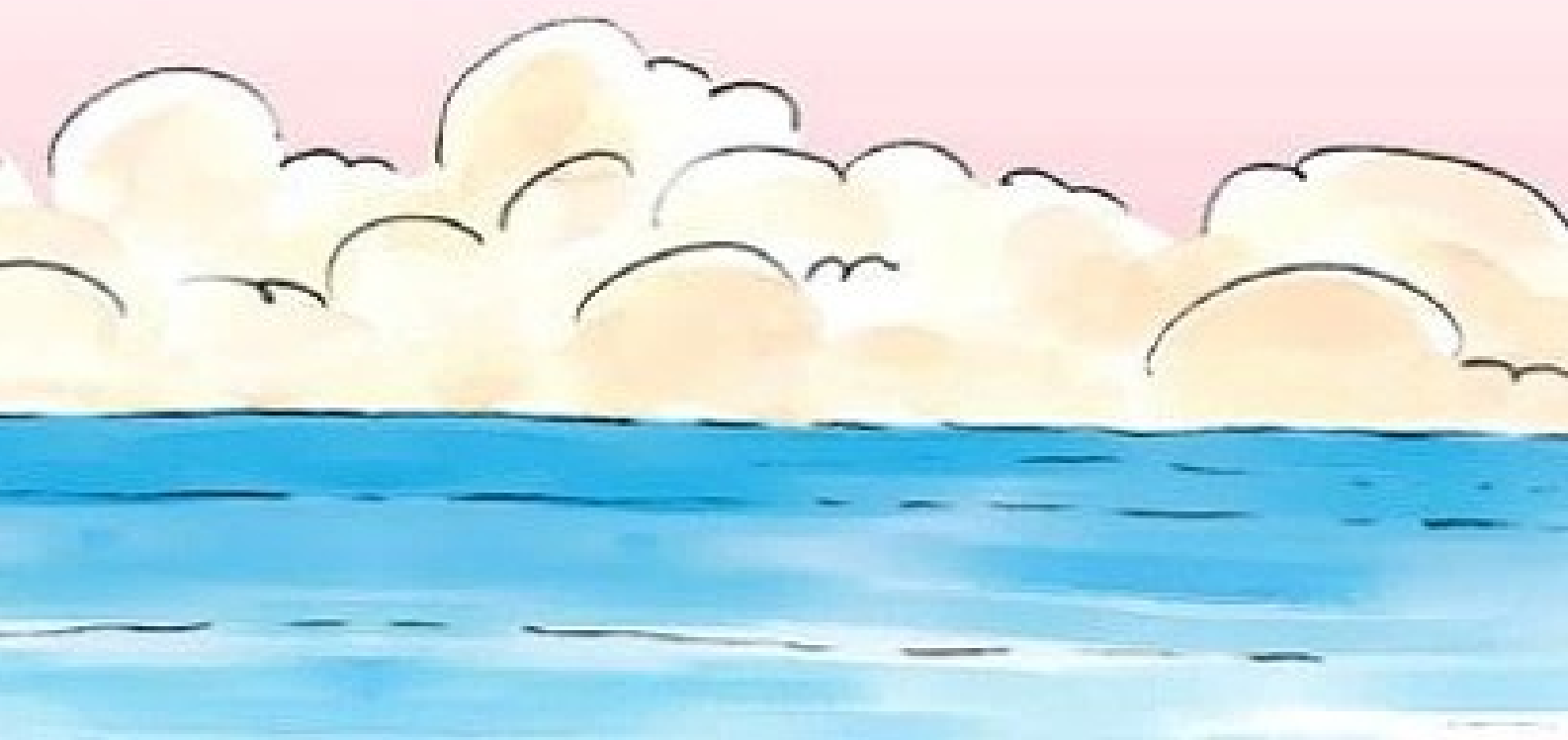


“Thea! Trap!” I shouted at the top of my lungs. It was my sister and my cousin, all right! I paddled out to them, paws flying.

“Take hold of my tail!” I shouted as I dragged them in.

“I really thought it was the end, Cousin!” panted Trap, collapsing onto the **TRUNK**.

Thea wrapped her tail around mine. “Big brother, I’m so glad you’re okay!” She sighed. I hugged her tight. Tears rolled down Thea’s wet, furry face.



Trap, was crying, too, for different reasons.

*"The Emerald Eye,"* he sobbed.

"We'll never find it now, without the map!"

I glanced at my sister. For some reason,



she was grinning. "Did

someone say map?"

She slipped a paw under her

sweater, and out came the

crumpled-up map!

**-CRUNCHY CHEESE CHUNKS!**

shouted Trap. He threw his paws in the air

like he'd just won tickets to the

Supermouse Bowl.

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!!

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray

Hooray

Hooray!

Hooray!

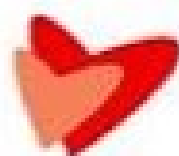
Hooray!

Just then, Benjamin opened his eyes.

“How are you doing, my little mousie?” I asked him.

“Uncle! Is it you, Uncle Geronimo?” he murmured.

“Yes, my dear little Benjamin, it’s me,” I whispered warmly. “Everything is going to be all right now, you’ll see.”



**Hooray!**

**Hooray!!**

**Hooray!**

**Hooray!**

**Hooray!**

**Hooray!**

**Hooray!**



# GOOD-BYE, SILK PAJAMAS!

Thea tried to review the situation.

“According to my calculations, we should be right near Treasure Island,” she said. Then she pointed to a **black-and-white** dot in the sky. “A pelican! That means we are really close!”

Just then, Trap gave a loud shriek. I **jumped**. “What is it?

Do you always have to shout like that?” I complained.

“I’ve got an **idea!**” he squeaked in my ear. Then he grabbed the **TRUNK’S** handle, trying to lift the lid.



“What are you doing? Do you want to throw us all back in the water?” I protested.

Trap was waving his arms around in the air.

“Why are you flapping your arms?” I shouted at him. “Are you going to tell us you can fly now, too?”

Trap kept waving excitedly. “*Pajamas . . . belt . . . blue stripes!*” he *cried*.

Finally, he managed to rip my comfy blue-and-white-striped pajamas out of the trunk. Then he tore them into two pieces!

“*I REALLY AM A GENIUS!* I am so clever it frightens me at times!” My cousin giggled. He was beginning to sound like a rat who’s eaten one too many slices of American cheese. “We’ll just use this rag to make a sail!”

“Rag? You call this a rag?” I screamed. “These are my silk pajamas with silver *buttons*! They cost me a fortune! They

was no use. Why, oh, why did no one ever believe me?

Just then, Benjamin rushed to my side. "If Uncle Geronimo says he saw it, I'm sure he **DID!**" he cried.

But no one paid any attention to him. So Benjamin began to examine the library's floor.

"What's up, Benjamin? Did you find something?" I asked.

He pointed to some marks on the wooden floor. They looked like *scratches*. Maybe marks made by the ghost's chains?

I saw Benjamin pull out his pad. Without a word, he began to jot down some notes.

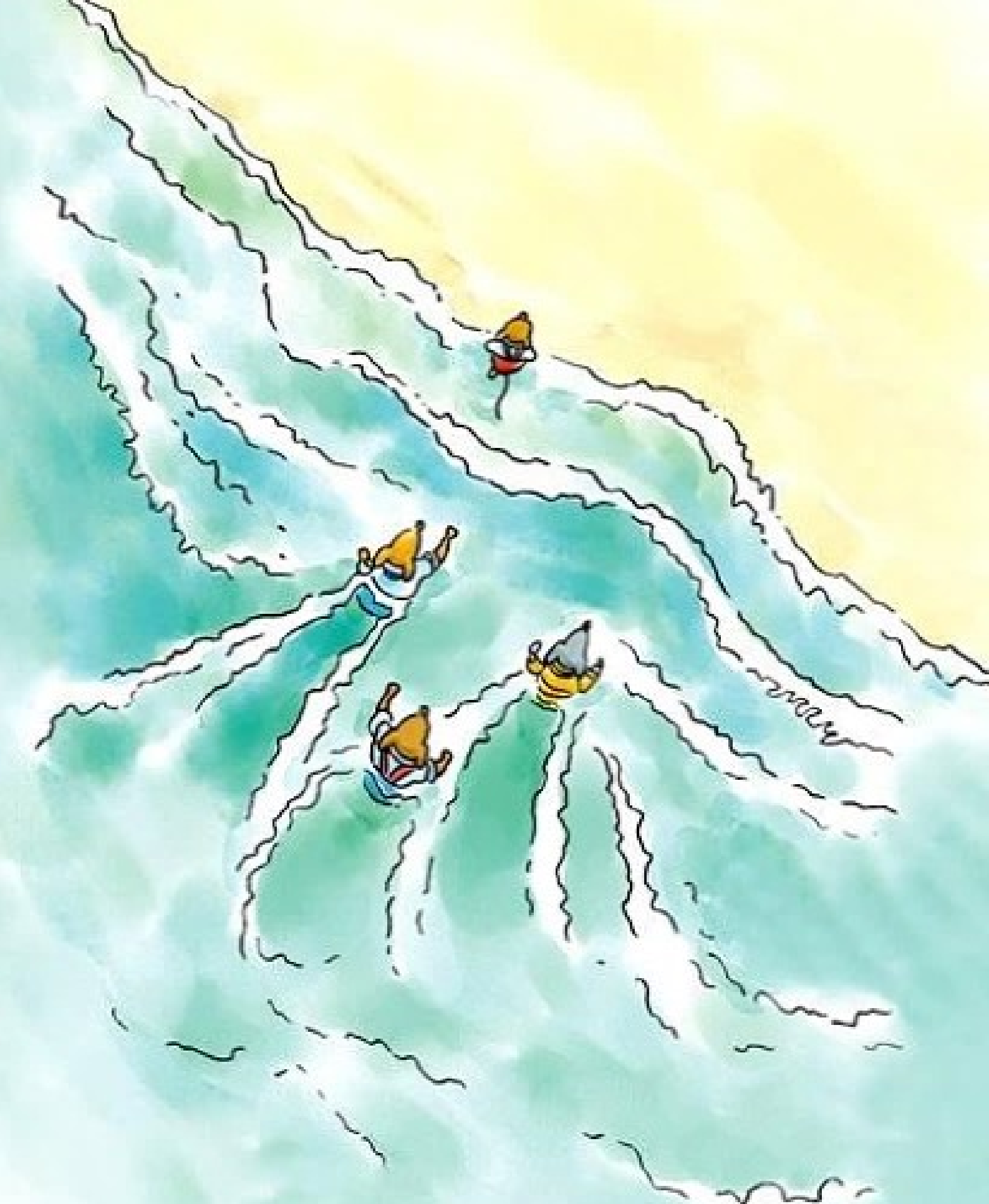




# AH, THESE BRAINY MICE . . .

It was very late. I wanted to go to ~~bed~~ **to bed!**

**"Friends to  
Mice forever!"**



*Ben was the first one to reach the island.*





# LAAAAAND Ho!

Finally, at sunrise on the eighth day of our pajama-sailing adventure, I heard someone squeaking, “**Laaaaand hō!**”

I stared at the island emerging from the waves. It got closer and closer. The sea flowed beneath us like an emerald-green carpet.

Ben was the first one to reach the island. The beach was covered with fine white sand. When my cousin landed, he flopped onto his belly and kissed the ground. Then he turned toward us, snout **covered** in sand. He looked like he’d just eaten a doughnut.

“**Ratlings,**” he said. “No one is going to unglue me from this spot!”

*“From now on I am a land mouse,  
not a sea mouse! And proud of it!”*

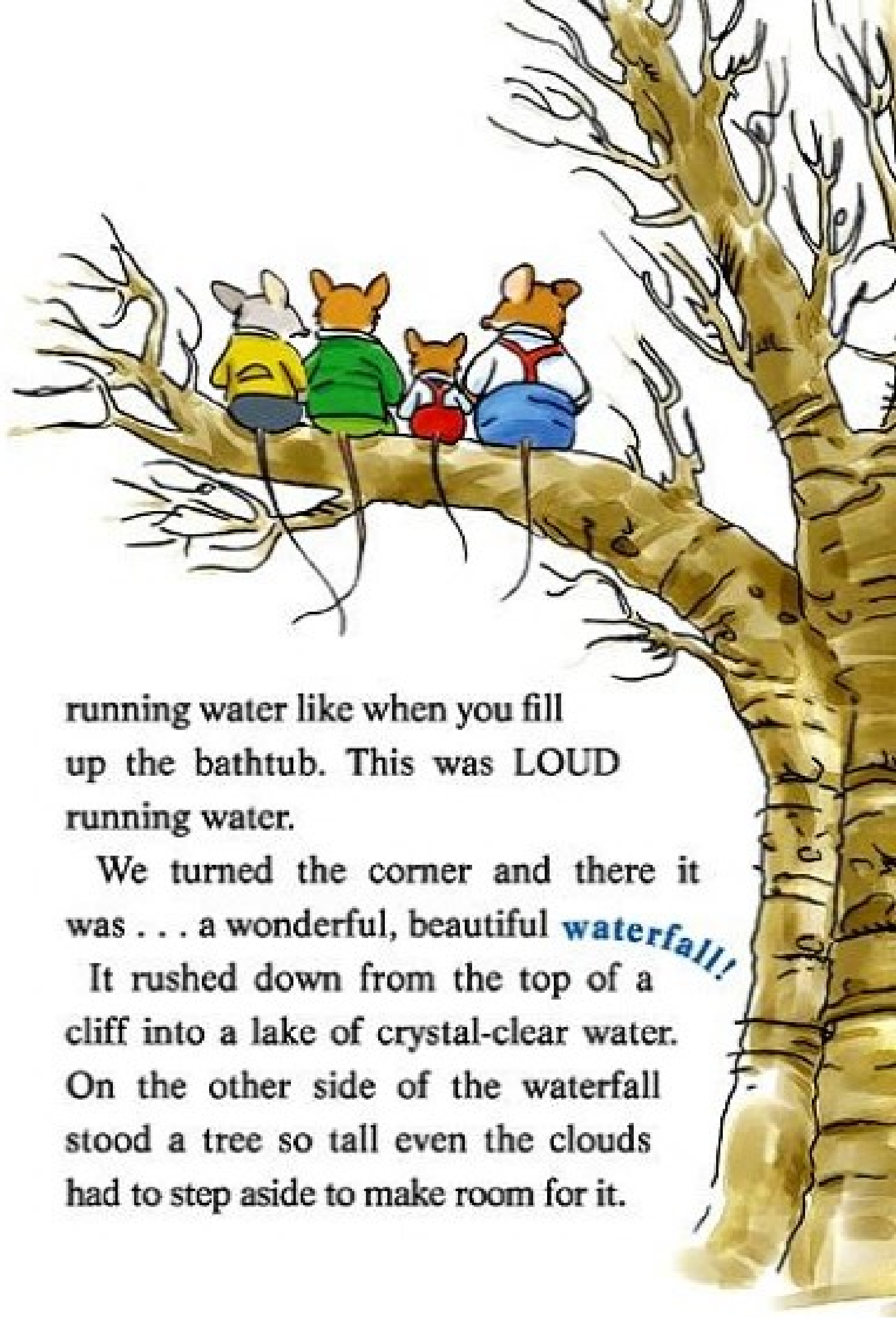


# EMERALD-GREEN

Deep *green* water, *green* plants, *green* grass, *green* trees. TREASURE ISLAND would be the perfect place for a Saint Patrat's Day party! The whole place looked like nature had colored it with a magical *green* paintbrush. We dragged the **TRUNK** onto the beach and began to explore the island.

We worked hard to cut a path through the thick plants and shrubs. We struggled over gigantic *rocks* covered in slippery *moss*. Then we tried following a line of leafy green palm trees. It was tough going.

We had been hiking for about ten minutes when we heard a noise. It sounded like running water. No, not just plain old



running water like when you fill up the bathtub. This was **LOUD** running water.

We turned the corner and there it was . . . a wonderful, beautiful **waterfall!**

It rushed down from the top of a cliff into a lake of crystal-clear water. On the other side of the waterfall stood a tree so tall even the clouds had to step aside to make room for it.

Its enormous **ROOTS** clung to the **ROCKS** like a cat with a tuna sandwich. The island was **THICK** with fruit-bearing trees. Bananas, mangoes, and papayas hung over our heads. For a minute, I felt like I was strolling through the supermarket. I picked some *fruity* and took it back to my friends. Benjamin shrieked with joy as he hurled himself onto a big slice of papaya.



“**Gerry** has brought us lunch!” shouted Thea, jumping out of the water.

“Hooray! Way to go, **Geronimouse**. I’m starved!” squeaked Trap.

“Geronimouse? Geronimouse? How many times do I have to say it? If I’ve told you once I’ve told you a hundred times . . . my name is . . .

**-NI-MO!** 

**Why, why, oh, why** do I always have to repeat it?



# LINE UP!

That night, we slept in the big **TREE** on the other side of the waterfall. We lay in a hollow where two branches joined. Our backs were pressed together for support. Still, I didn't sleep a wink. I was too afraid of falling out of the tree.

Next morning, we all gathered for a meeting. We had to decide who would be in charge on the island.

"We will vote by a show of paws!" I said.

Of course, Trap voted for himself. Thea voted for me. And Benjamin and I gave our votes to Thea.

My sister cleared her throat. "**Friends**, I want you to know you won't regret your

choice,” she said, wiping away a small tear.

Then . . .

“**Line up** now!” she shouted. “I will begin by assigning your duties. At noon, you will report to me . . . and you will be on time! When I say noon, I mean noon! Not one minute before, not one minute later!

**IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?**



I don't hear you!!!!”

“Ugh! She’s already gotten a swollen head! I knew I was right to vote for myself,” muttered Trap under his whiskers.

Thea was walking up and down the beach. “We shall build a shelter under the **TREE**. It will take us two, no, three days to finish it. Then we leave in search of the **Emerald Eye!**”

Trap’s eyes lit up again. “The treasure! Now you’re talking!” He grinned.

In the meantime, Thea had grabbed a sheet of paper and was scribbling down tasks for all of us. “Geronimo, you will take care of provisions. You’ll gather fruit, berries, and roots. You’ll also fish for crabs. Trap, you will be head chef.”

“**EXCELLENT CHOICE, BOSS!** Just wait till you see what tasty dishes I can prepare! Whisker-licking good!” said my cousin cheerfully.

“Benjamin, you will help me build our shelter under the **TREE**,” Thea continued, without missing a beat. “And now, get going!”

*Friends together!*  
*Mice forever!*





## FROM MY DIARY

Dear Diary,  
I am writing on this banana leaf because there is no paper left. It took us three days to build our hut under the big tree. What a project! We all pitched in, with Thea squeaking out orders like an army general. I think she's getting a little too into her job as leader — but that's just between you and me, Diary. I don't want to end up on bathroom duty . . . or worse! Speaking of bathrooms, we built one in our hut. We made a giant wooden wheel to run the water up from the stream.

Of course, Theo and Trap are forever fighting over who gets to use the bathroom first. In fact, I can hear them screaming right now. Everything is different on this island, but those two never change! Good-bye, dear Diary, I have to rush to the kitchen. Tonight it's my turn to wash the dishes.

Yours, Geronimo

P.S. I have realized that an adventurous life is definitely not my cup of tea. Oh, how I miss my comfy, safe home!



# CHEESE SLICES

That night, Thea stayed up very late. I wondered what my sister had up her sleeve this time. You just never know with that mouse.

Early the next morning, while we were having breakfast, Thea arrived, out of breath. "**Hooray!** *i did it!*" she cried, waving the map.

Trap jumped. "Do you have to **scream** so early in the morning?" he shouted. "You know I'm not awake until I've had my cup of steamed cheese (two sugars, hold the milk). Now, what is it?"

Thea jumped onto the table and cleared her throat. "I have discovered . . ." she

began. "Drumroll, please."

**"What??"** shouted Trap, grabbing her by the tail. *What?*

Thea shot Trap a smug smile. "First I determined our position, using the astrolabe. Then I checked it with a triangulation . . . and worked out the logarithm. . . ."

**"ASTROLAMP? STRANGULATION? CONGARHYTHM?"** snorted Trap. "Do you mind speaking English? I hate it when you **use such big words!**"

My sister pointed to the map. "First we have to head north toward *More Water Bay*. Then we go around *What's the Point Peak* and head toward *Molehill Mountain*. There we'll find the *Fleariddenfur River*. We follow the river to *Hard as Nails Hill*. And from there, it should be as easy as pie to find the *Emerald Eye!*"

At the mention of the word *emerald*, Trap put his arm around Thea.

“Oh, my little cousin, let me be the first to congratulate you.” He beamed. “Did anyone ever tell you that you are a real **genius**? So where did you say the treasure is exactly?”

Thea snorted. “What is the matter with you? Are your eyes covered with **cheese** slices? Look here at the map,” she squeaked, flapping it under

Trap’s snout. “There is an **X** on it as big as the moon over Mouse Island!”

Trap just smiled and stroked Thea’s paw. “My dear, sweet, kind, beautiful, charming



little cousin,” he said. “I suggest we leave tomorrow morning, no, maybe tonight. As a matter of fact, I could be ready to leave **RIGHT now!**”

“Wait a minute, wait a minute,” I jumped in. “We have to map out our route, calculate the times and the stages of our trip.”

Trap was getting more and more **frantic**.

“What times . . . what stages? This sly mouse here has already organized everything. We are leaving and that’s that!” he squeaked. Then he and Thea put their heads together and began discussing the details of the journey.

Of all the nerve! It seemed as if I was already left out! Meanwhile, my nephew sat munching the last Cheesy Chew with a dreamy expression on his face. “Treasure, real honest-to-goodmouse treasure . . .” he murmured.





# ONE SKULL

The plan was to leave at six o'clock the next morning. But by four o'clock, my cousin was already up and about.

"Ratoons, we are leaving!" Trap shouted through a **MEGAPHONE** made of banana leaves.

Thea grabbed a coconut and hurled it at his head. "Do you realize what time it is?" she shrieked, chasing him around our **SHELTER**. "When I catch you, I'm going to use your fur to make earmuffs!"

Trap just giggled. "If you don't hurry, I am going to leave without you!" he shouted through the megaphone. "I am ready to rock! **READY** to roll! **READY** to rumble!"

READY to party! Ready to GO! GO! GO!"

Thea was tearing at her whiskers in a rage.

**"You are the one who brought him along!"** she yelled at me.



I wanted to say, "Actually, it was your idea," but I stopped myself. The look in my sister's eyes was **MURDEROUS**.

We set out in single file. We marched all day long. By evening, we came to **what's the Point Peak**. Thea pointed at the map. "We have reached the location of



the first skull. Listen to this secret message:

**“IF YOU FIND A BIG ROCK  
THE COLOR OF CHEESE,  
DON’T RUN AROUND,  
DON’T EVEN SNEEZE!”**

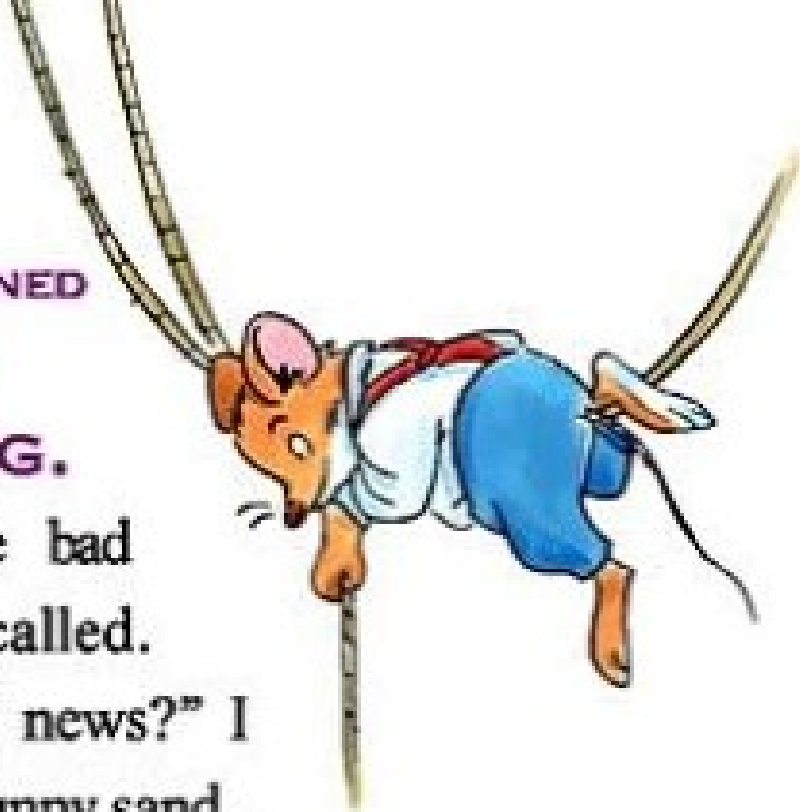
Somewhat puzzled, I looked around. “This must be the rock on the **map**,” I said, pointing to a round, cheddar-colored boulder. “It looks good enough to eat!”

I took a few steps forward. “But there is nothing to see here. Just some sand. Actually, a whole bunch of san —”

I didn’t get to finish my sentence. I was beginning to sink.

“Look at me!” I giggled. **Hee-hee!** Look, the sand has reached my ankles . . . no, my knees!”

THEA'S EYES OPENED  
WIDE. SHE WAS  
NOT LAUGHING.



“Geronimo! I have bad news for you!” she called.

“Hmm? What bad news?” I asked, watching the funny sand.

“Geronimo,” my sister squeaked, “I think that’s **quicksand**!”

I gulped. “Thundering cattails! Quicksand?” I shrieked. **“Help!”**

The sand had already reached my bellybutton.

“Stop flapping your arms!” shouted Thea, holding her paw out.

But I kept flapping and flapping. **“Heeeeelp!”** I shouted as the sand reached my ears.

Trap raced over carrying a long green vine from a nearby **tree**.

“Grab hold of this, Cousin, if you ever want to squeak again!” he cried.



# TWO SKULLS

Once again, Trap had saved my life.

“Why, oh, why did I ever agree to take this trip? I must be losing my marbles! When I get back to New Mouse City, my fur will have turned white from all these scares,” I mumbled.

“If we ever get back, that is,” added Trap in a grim voice.

He always knew how to cheer me up.

The next morning, we crossed *Molehill Mountain* and marched along the banks of the *Fleariddenfur River*. Finally, we sighted *Hard as Nails Hill*.

“This is it,” announced Thea. “The place of the **TWO SKULLS**.”

I shivered. What would we find this time? More quicksand? Exploding boulders? Grouchy Grandma Onewhisker with a plate of her disgusting Swiss cheese muffins? I looked around. We were in a clearing with one **very tall** tree standing in the center. It was loaded with **big yellow fruit** that looked sort of like pineapples.

Thea read aloud the secret message about the **TWO SKULLS**:

**“BEWARE OF THE HONEY TREE,  
ITS FRUITS ARE KNOWN TO SING,  
LISTEN, BUT DO NOT TOUCH,  
OR YOU WILL FEEL THE STING!”**

Trap stepped forward. **“Fruits that sting?”** How ridiculous! Let me take one of them, ratoon! I’ll knock one down with

a stone and then we'll see!"

"**STOP!** Don't do it!" I shrieked.



"Don't worry, **Gerrykins**." My cousin laughed. "So what if they sting? Anyway, I'll just avoid touching them. See?"

**Hee-hee-hee!**

He pitched a stone right at the biggest fruit in the center.

"Don't call me **Gerryk** — " I started to say, but I stopped in midsentence.

The **yellow fruit** was not a giant pineapple. It wasn't even a fruit. It was a giant beehive!

**"Help!"** we screamed together. The beehive was oozing **thick** golden honey. Within seconds,



swarms of bees flew out from the honeycombs hanging on the branches.

**“Hurry! To the river!”**  
shouted my sister.

*We raced to the river with the bees right on our tails.*

Then we dove headfirst into the water. The current carried us downstream. When we reached the bank, the bees were gone.

Thea pulled out her map. “Let’s see, to our left is *Hard as Nails Hill*, and in front of us is *Pirate’s Peak*. That means if

we go forward  
we’ll hit the

**THREE  
SKULLS!”**





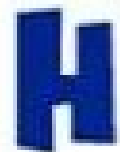
# THREE SKULLS



In front of us lay a narrow path made of stones. Each stone had a letter engraved on it. Thea read aloud the message on the map.



**"A DANGEROUS TRAP LIES AHEAD.**



**BE OH SO CAREFUL WHERE YOU TREAD.**

**SOLVE THIS RIDDLE AND YOU'LL SEE,**

**THE RIGHT STONES WILL SET YOU FREE.**

**FOR LUNCH OR A SNACK IT IS DELICIOUS.**

**WITH LOTS OF HOLES IT'S QUITE NUTRITIOUS.**

**WHITE OR YELLOW,**



**SHARP OR MELLOW,**

**LEAVE SOME FOR OTHERS,**

**BE A GOOD FELLOW!"**



me a cheesebrain. They'd call me a mad mouse. They'd call me for advice and do the exact opposite of whatever I said. No, no one would believe me. Well, no one except Benjamin.

I scrambled out of bed.

Then I raced out of  
the room in search of  
my dear, sweet nephew.





# THE MYSTERY OF THE CHICKEN FEATHER

I found Benjamin and told him what had happened. He listened patiently.

Then he gave me a hug. "I believe you, Uncle!" he said.

Did I mention Benjamin is my favorite nephew?

We went back to Duchess Curlypaw Cannycat's room. Benjamin began to check out the room like a regular mouse detective.



He found a feather on the floor by the fireplace. He stared at it through a magnifying glass. "Very interesting," he

murmured. "This looks like it was a white chicken feather. But someone has painted it **GRAY**."

I told Benjamin about the strange mechanical noise I had heard when the owl flew off.

# Tick-tack!

Tick-tack! Tick-tack!

He pointed out the cobwebs over the fireplace. "So many cobwebs, yet not one single spider," he observed. We both agreed it was very odd.

With that, Benjamin pulled out his pad. Then he began scribbling more notes. At this rate, he was going to need another pad!



# A SCARLET SILK CAPE

It was already morning. But it felt like midnight. Being haunted by ghosts was exhausting! I hadn't slept one wink.

I decided to try to catch a quick mouse nap. I'd skip Curlypaw's room, though . . . *brrrr!* Instead, I climbed up the stairs leading to the highest tower. Soon I found myself in a **red** room. The walls were **red**. The floor was **red**. Even the ceiling was **red**.

I fell onto the bed. I was so tired. Before my fur even hit the **red** velvet pillow, I was fast asleep.

A few minutes later, I woke up to a strange buzzing sound.





I opened my eyes. Shadows danced on the high ceiling.

Cheese niblets!

They were bat **shadows!**

*Oh, how I wished I was home!*

Suddenly, one of the shadows drifted over to the bed. It was much, much bigger than the others.

The buzzing whirred in my ears. Just then, the shadow unfolded its wings. I saw a figure cloaked in a scarlet silk cape. It was a





vampire cat! It smiled at me, showing every one of its pointed teeth!

**"A VAMPIRE!"** I shrieked.

In a flash, it disappeared. The door flew open. It was Benjamin.

"Uncle! Uncle! What's the matter?" he cried, racing to my side.

"I heard a b-b-b-buzzing sound and I saw b-b-bat shadows on the ceiling," I stammered. "Then a vampire appeared at the foot of my bed!"

Benjamin twirled his whiskers. "Hmm. A **buzzing sound?** Shadows on the ceiling? A vampire?" he said, looking puzzled. Then he glanced out the window. "Look, Uncle, the sun is already up," he pointed out. "I thought vampires slept during the day and came out at night."

I wasn't an expert on vampires. I tried not to read too many spooky books. They were just so scary. But I did know Benjamin was right. Nighttime was a vampire's party hour. Daytime was for sleeping.

Benjamin discovered an extension cord lying on the floor. He held it up for me to see. Once again, we both agreed something very odd was going on.

Benjamin scribbled away on his pad.



**AN EXTENSION CORD**



# PRANKY PAWS

I was still sleepy. But it didn't look like I'd be catching any Z's until I got home. Then I'd curl up in my comfy bed and sleep for hours. Maybe even days! I would just take a vacation from work. Lately, I'd been working my paws to the bone. A little time off might be just what I needed.

**Oh, how I wished I was home!**

I **SIGHED**. Then I headed downstairs



with Benjamin. And that's when I saw it. A small tag lay crumpled on the stairs. I picked it up and read it out loud:



My mouth dropped open.

“Uncle, are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Benjamin whispered.

I nodded. “Yes, my dear nephew,” I murmured. “**Someone** has been playing tricks on us!”



Benjamin took out his pad. On it he had drawn a map of Cannycat Castle. "Maybe we can find out more from this map," he began. We put our heads together and studied the castle.

### CANNYCAT CASTLE

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. <i>Cat statues</i>      | 13. <i>Stairs on upper floor</i>         |
| 2. <i>Entrance hall</i>    | 14. <i>Cellar</i>                        |
| 3. <i>Ballroom</i>         | 15. <i>Slicedpaw<br/>Cannycat's room</i> |
| 4. <i>Terrace</i>          | 16. <i>Slicedpaw's<br/>laboratory</i>    |
| 5. <i>Turret</i>           | 17. <i>Curlypaw<br/>Cannycat's room</i>  |
| 6. <i>Garden</i>           | 18. <i>Longpaw<br/>Cannycat's room</i>   |
| 7. <i>Vegetable garden</i> | 19. <i>Pinkypaw<br/>Cannycat's room</i>  |
| 8. <i>Conservatory</i>     |  |
| 9. <i>Stairs</i>           |  |
| 10. <i>Kitchen</i>         |  |
| 11. <i>Turret</i>          |  |
| 12. <i>Library</i>         |  |





# THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

It didn't take long for Benjamin and me to figure everything out.

We called Thea and Trap. Then we all gathered in the library.

"Benjamin and I have finally solved this **mystery**," I announced.

Thea looked puzzled.

Trap just smirked. "What mystery? The mystery of your missing brain cells?" he chuckled.

I ignored him. *We'll see who has the last laugh*, I thought.

I picked up Benjamin's pad and flipped through it. I was so proud of my nephew. His notes were like a regular detective's. I

felt like I was reading the journal of that famous TV detective Snoop Rat Smith.

“Let’s go over everything that happened from the beginning,” I said. I was starting to feel like a detective myself. I paced back and forth for effect. I twirled my whiskers and peered at everyone through a magnifying glass.

Thea rolled her eyes. But for once, no one said a word. Except me. I read the list of points Benjamin and I had gone over in my best Snoop Rat Smith imitation:



1.

I discover a rat skeleton in the kitchen cupboard.

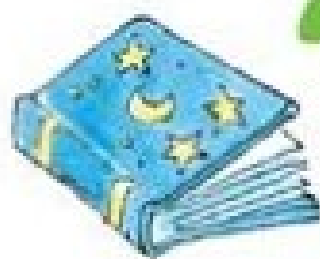
When Thea shows up, the skeleton disappears. But that’s when Benjamin notices the mysterious nail. Why is there a nail in the cupboard? **To hang the skeleton on, of course!**



**2.** The ghost appears for the first time in the library behind a bookshelf. Whenever the ghost appears and disappears, there is a creaking noise. **That's because there is a secret passageway behind the shelf!**



**3.** I notice the eyes in Slicedpaw's portrait seem to be following me. It turns out the painting has two holes where the eyes should be! **Someone has been watching me!**



**4.** The ghost appears again in Slicedpaw's lab. Once again, it pops up from behind a bookshelf. **Another secret passageway!**

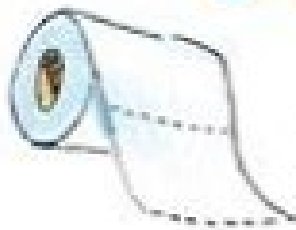
**5.** The ghost appears once more in the library. Benjamin notices some marks on the floor. **What kind of ghost can leave a mark? Not a real one!**



6.

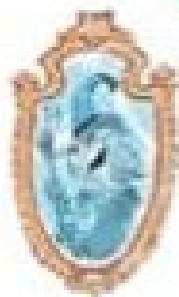
The ghost reappears. But this time, Benjamin notices a trace of flour on the floor!

7.



A mummy appears in the cellar. Benjamin finds a piece of toilet paper. What's the easiest way to dress up as a mummy? **Wrap yourself in toilet paper!**

8.



A witch appears in Curlypaw's room. What kind of witch can see her own reflection in the mirror? **Not a real one!**

9.



A talking owl pays me a visit. But I hear a motor when it flies off. Then Benjamin discovers a painted chicken feather. What kind of owl has a motor and painted feathers? **A mechanical one!**



10.

Bat shadows appear and then a vampire. But what is that strange buzzing sound? And why does Benjamin discover an extension cord? Because nothing is real. **They are just images projected on the wall! Plus, every mouse knows real vampires go into hiding when the sun rises.**

11.

I discover a strange tag on the stairs. It says,



I put down Benjamin's pad.  
"So you see," I finished, "someone has been playing tricks on us. They want us to think this castle is haunted. Now we just have to find out **who** and **why!**"



# WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

By now, Trap was on his paws. "What?" he squeaked. "Are you telling me that someone has been playing games with us? Messing with our mouse minds? Pulling the wool over our beady little eyes?" He was furious. "*What kind of low-down, slimy sewer rat would do something so nasty?*" he shrieked. "Wait till I get my paws on him. I'll tear out his whiskers one by one!"

Thea was just as furious. "I'll tie his tail in knots!" she squeaked.

Just then, I heard a noise from behind the bookshelf. I leaped toward the shelf *faster than a cat in a rat race.* "You won't get away this time!" I cried.

But when I saw who had been making the





noise, my jaw hit the ground. No, this time I wasn't frightened. I wasn't even scared. I was just surprised. That's because there wasn't a mouse behind the bookshelf. There was a teeny, tiny cat! Now, I know what you're thinking, *Aren't all cats scary to mice?* Well, not this little guy. He was not much older than Benjamin, and he looked like he was about to faint. He was clearly terrified of *us*!

In a flash, Trap snatched him up by the tail.

"Well then, what's your story, Fluffy Fur?" he sneered. "What's with the magic tricks?"

The young cat coughed. He was so **frightened**, I could hear his teeth chattering. "W-w-well, you see..." he began with a stammer.



# PAWKIN AND PAWETTE

At last, we learned the little cat's story. It turns out his name was Pawkin Cannycat. He lived in the castle with his sister, Pawette. They were the only descendants of the Cannycat clan. "Since we're on our own, life hasn't been easy," Pawkin explained. "The **castle** is big and needs lots of repairs. But we don't have the money to fix them. Lots of slimy salescats have tried to get us to sell the castle. But we don't want to sell our family home! It means everything to us!"

I had to smile. For a cat so young, Pawkin had a great sense of family pride.

"I am sorry I played those spooky tricks

on you," the cat went on. "We've been keeping unwanted visitors away by pretending this place is **haunted.**"

I put my paw on Pawkin's shoulder. Who would have thought such a timid cat could have given me such a big scare? I guess it's true what they say. You can't judge a book by its cover. Unless, of course, it's a book by *Geronimo Stilton*. All of my books have wonderful covers. And, as you can see, they are very exciting to read.

I told Pawkin not to worry. I would be glad to help him and his sister. After all, I, *Geronimo Stilton*, am a mouse of honor. I always defend the weak and those in need of help.

Suddenly, Thea danced over to Pawkin. "I have a great idea!" she announced. "Why don't we turn your castle into a mouseum/

theme park? The visitors can learn about the history of the Cannycat family and you can perform your scary Halloween tricks. You can have a ghost pop out of the library. A mummy in the cellar. A witch in the bedroom . . .”

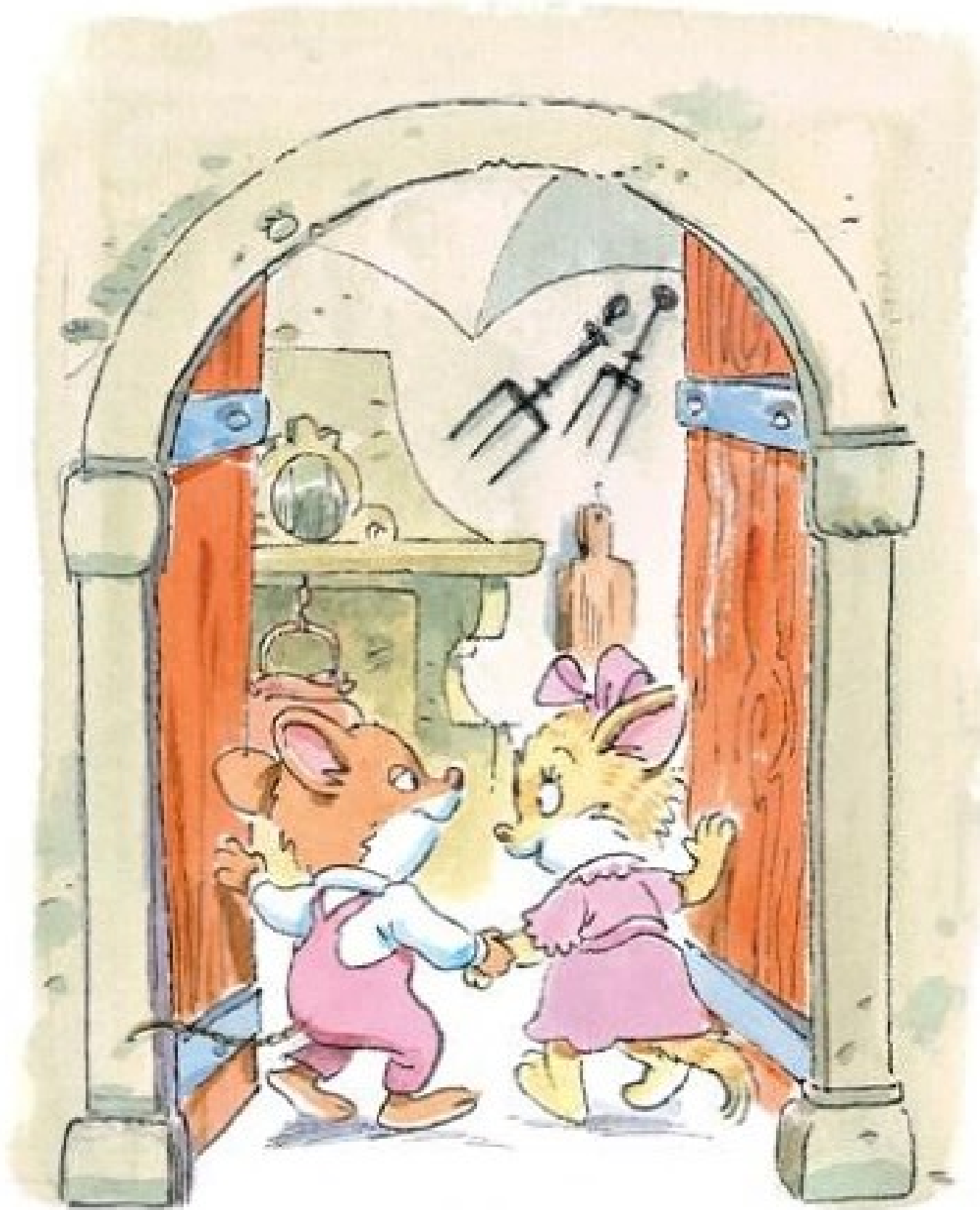


The little cat grinned from ear to ear. “I love it!” he purred. “Let me introduce you to my sister.”

With that, he pulled out a book from the shelf behind him.

Suddenly, the whole bookcase began to move. A small

**female cat** stepped out from a secret passageway.



*Who says a cat and a mouse can't be friends?*



# TENNIS TOP CLUB

Six months have gone by since the day we returned from our trip. I followed Trap's advice and wrote the book. I published it, too. And you'll never guess what happened. It **SOLD**! Like catnip at the Meowville Movie Theater!

The book is already on the **bestseller list** here in New Mouse City.

"Now, this is what I call a real treasure!"



shouted my cousin, waving his check in the air. I figured it was only right to give him some money from the book. After all, he was a big part of the adventure. (Even if his was mostly the annoying part!)

To **celebrate** my success, I invited Silky Fur, a **very** pretty lady friend of mine, to the Tennis Top Club. "I couldn't put the book down, you know. I never knew you were so brave!" **whispered** Silky Fur in my ear.

I was beginning to think our adventure might have been worth it after all.





# HELLO, GERRY?

## *rrring, rrrring*

At the crack of dawn one morning, I got a call from Thea. “Gerry, get ready for an **UN-BE-LIEV-ABLE** piece of news! Guess what I discovered today?” she squeaked.

“How on earth would I know?” I grumbled, crawling back into bed with the phone.

“Another map. You know what I am talking about!” my sister insisted.

“No, I don’t. What are you talking about? What map?”

“The same as last time! Do you remember The Mouse House? Cheddar ravioli? Extra-spicy sauce? Don’t let me say any more,”



she demanded, sounding mysterious.

**The Mouse House?**

**Cheddar ravioli?**

**Extra-spicy sauce?**

**Another map?**

I threw back the covers and jumped out of bed. This could mean only one thing. My crazy sister was planning another trip. “Oh, no! Not this time!” I shrieked into the phone. “Not on your life! Don’t you have a boyfriend now? Why don’t you ask him to go with you?”

**“Who? Old Big Ears?”**

I got rid of him like moldy cheese.”

She giggled.

“But let’s talk about more serious matters.



You wouldn't let me go on my own, would you? You are my older brother, after all. Where is your sense of duty? It could be a very **DAN-GER-OUS** journey! Hello, *Gerry*? *Gerry*, are you still there? *Gerry*, *Gerrrry*, *Gerrrrry!*" squeaked Thea.

*Don't call me Gerry, I wanted to say. My name is Geronimo, Geronimo Hilton!*

But I had no strength left.

I put the receiver down on my nightstand.

**I already knew where this was going to lead. . . .**

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



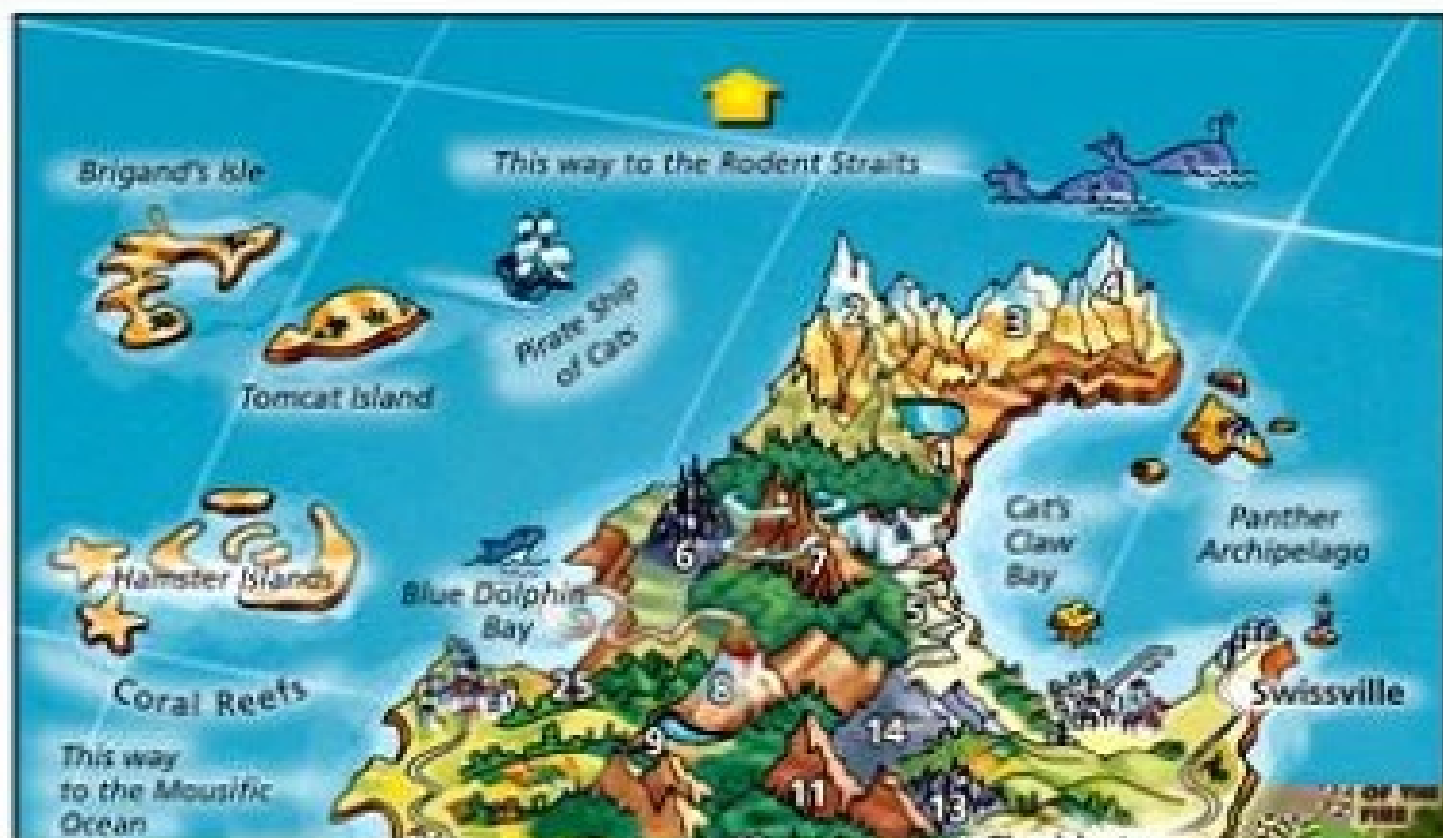
## Map of New Mouse City

- |                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone                   | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i>     |
| 2. Cheese Factories                  | 26. Trap's House                    |
| 3. Angorat International Airport     | 27. Fashion District                |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant      |
| 5. Cheese Market                     | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market                       | 30. Harbor Office                   |
| 7. Town Hall                         | 31. Mousidon Square Garden          |
| 8. Snotnose Castle                   | 32. Golf Course                     |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island   | 33. Swimming Pool                   |
| 10. Mouse Central Station            | 34. Blushing Meadow                 |
| 11. Trade ...                        |                                     |

# Tabmouse 'adventures!



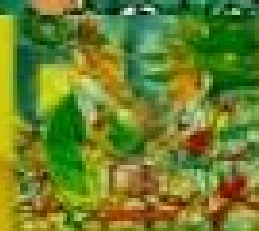
- |                       |                                 |     |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|-----|
| Parking Lot           | 43. The Statue of Liberty       | 21. |
| Mouseum of Modern Art | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office     | 22. |
|                       | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House | 23. |



#15 The Mona Mouse Code



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



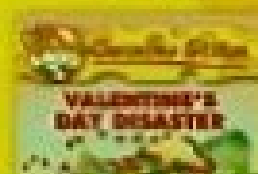
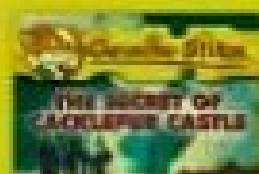
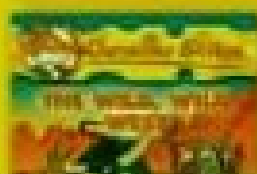
#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



Map of Mouse Island

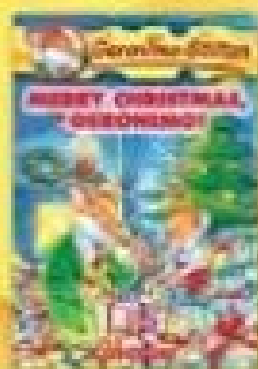


<p>Run for the Geronimo!</p>	<p>#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery</p>	<p>#45 Save the White Whale!</p>	<p>#46 The Haunted Castle</p>	<p>#47 Hill</p>





**#11 It's  
Halloween, You  
'Freddy Moosa!**



**#12 Merry  
Christmas,  
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom  
of the Subway**



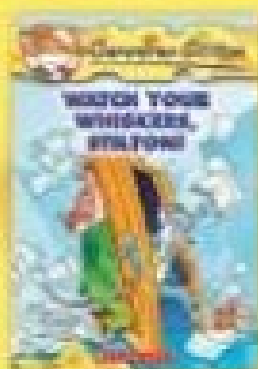
**#14 The Temple of  
the Ruby of Fire**



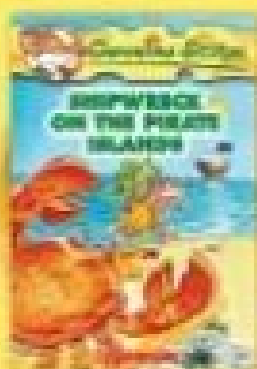
**#15 The Mona  
Moosa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-  
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your  
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on  
the Pirate Islands**



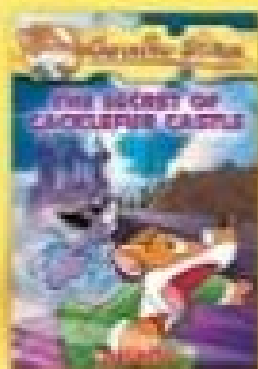
**#19 My Name Is  
Stilton, Geronimo  
Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,  
Geronimo!**



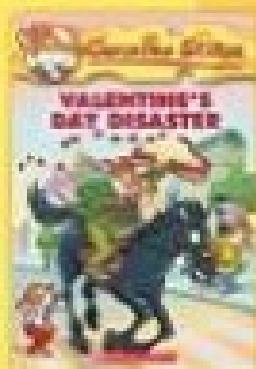
**#21 The Wild,  
Wild West**



**#22 The Secret  
of Cacklefur  
Castle**



**A Christmas Tale**



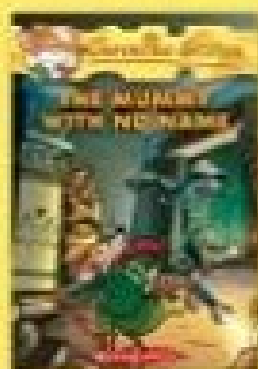
**#23 Valentine's  
Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to  
Niagara Falls**



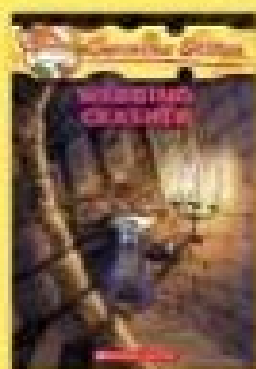
**#25 The Search  
for Sunken  
Treasure**



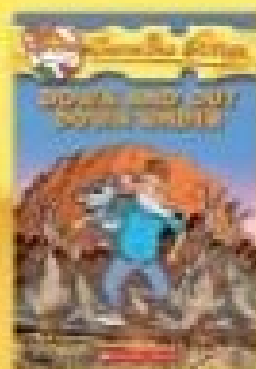
**#26 The Mummy  
with No Name**



**#27 The  
Christmas Toy  
Factory**

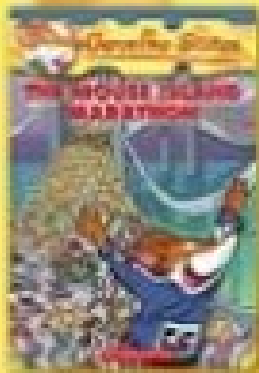


**#28 Wedding  
Crasher**

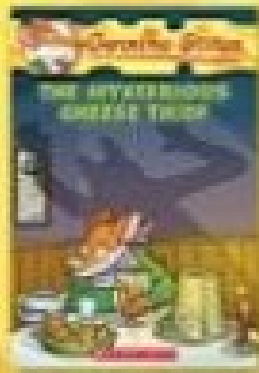


**#29 Down and  
Out Down Under**

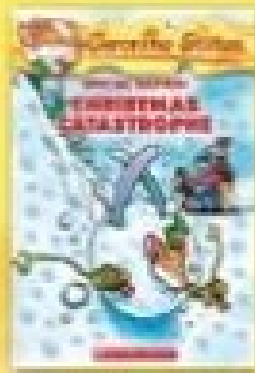




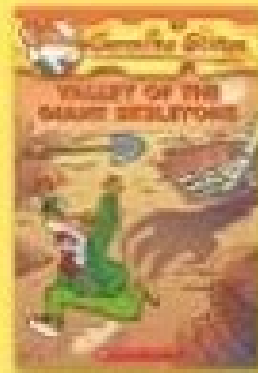
**#30 The Mouse Island Marathon**



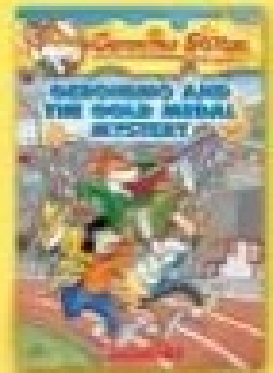
**#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief**



**Christmas Catastrophe**



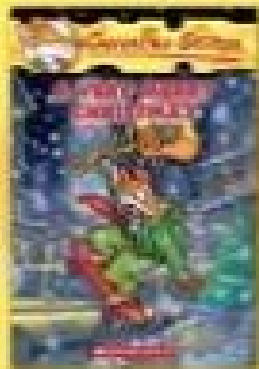
**#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons**



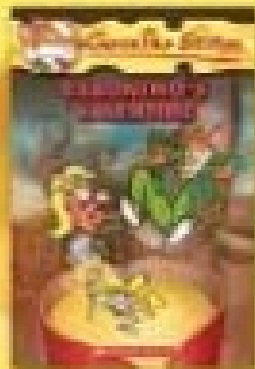
**#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery**



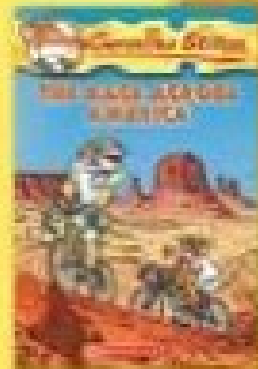
**#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent**



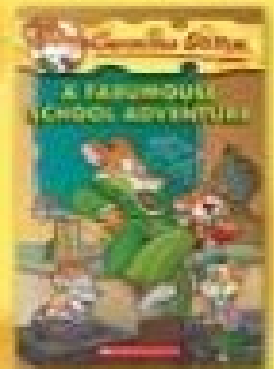
**#35 A Very Merry Christmas**



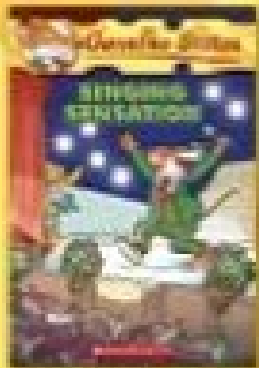
**#36 Geronimo's Valentine**



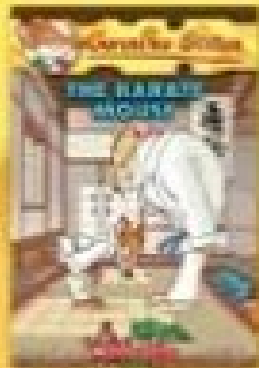
**#37 The Race Across America**



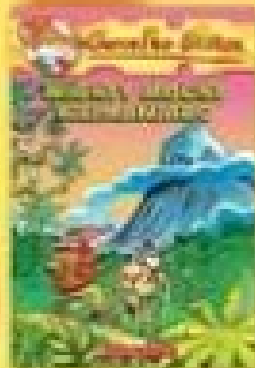
**#38 A Fabmouse School Adventure**



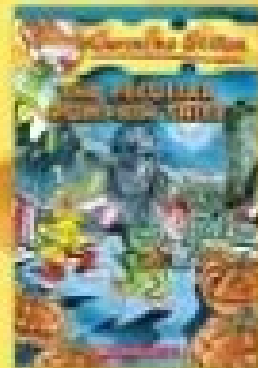
**#39 Singing Sensation**



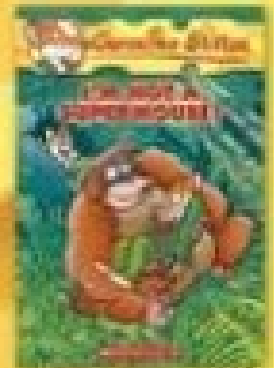
**#40 The Karate Mouse**



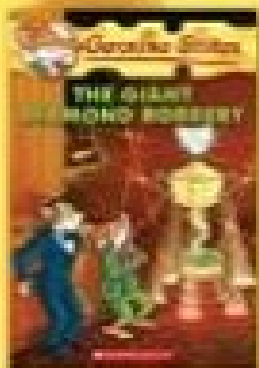
**#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro**



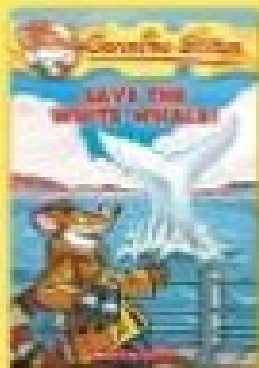
**#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief**



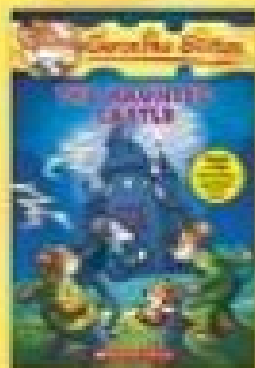
**#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!**



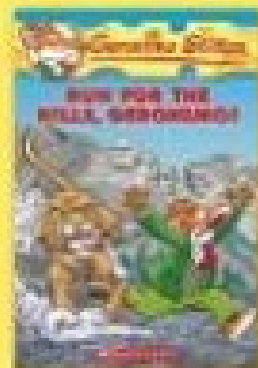
**#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery**



**#45 Save the White Whale!**



**#46 The Haunted Castle**

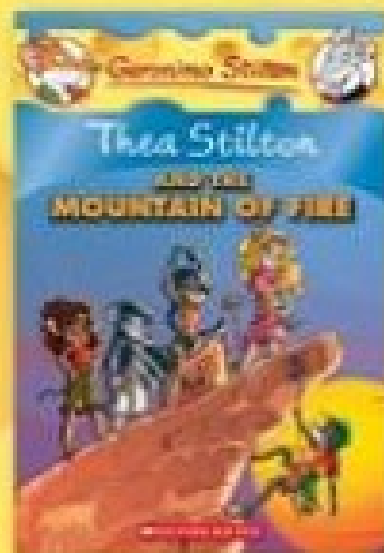


**#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!**

**Be sure to check  
out these exciting  
Thea Sisters  
adventures:**



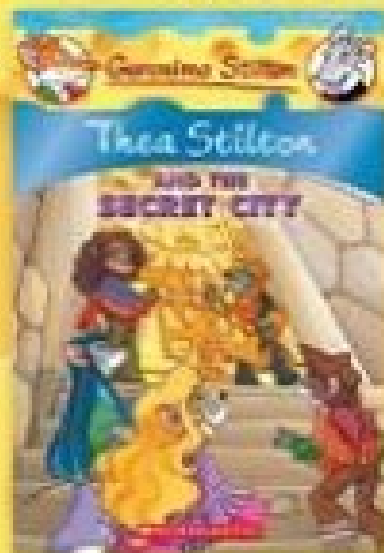
**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
DRAGON'S CODE**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
MOUNTAIN OF FIRE**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE GHOST OF  
THE SHIPWRECK**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE  
SECRET CITY**



**THEA STILTON  
AND THE MYSTERY  
IN PARIS**



Dear mouse friends,  
Thanks for reading, and farewell  
till the next book.  
It'll be another whisker-licking-good  
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton